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# Macleans

10 **Referendum Debate**

17 **Preview**

18 **Canadian News**

41 **World News**

45 **People**

46 **Business**

47 **Sports**

50 **Lifestyles**

52 **Adventure**

54 **Science**

56 **Television**

58 **Film**

62 **Theatre**

64 **Fotheringham**



**Interview with Dr. Christian Barnard:** A few years ago his failed transplant operation made him a medical superhero. And if the image has grown a bit tarnished, will he talk about it now? **Page 4**



**The fellow with the Carter presidency** had such promise. But unfortunately it had poorness as well, for none that could be kept. An examination of the first year of the unmaking of a President. **Page 33**



**The twins agree:** Yes, the country does seem to be going to hell in a handbasket, but before you despair totally, consider the bright young people on the verge of taking over, and hope a little. **Page 20**



**The pursuit of the Instant Milkshake:** That's just not how, please, make a proper milkshake — who needs that stuff? So check in at the New Noodles, where the "food-book" is laid on. **Page 50**



**That sweet return from the top of the world:** If you want to get down to some serious skiing, and you laugh at danger, take a helicopter to the top of the Rockies and get down by yourself. **Page 52**



**Wake me when it's over:** The good news is that Bernardo Bertolucci's controversial epic, 1900, has arrived. The bad news is that Bernardo Bertolucci's controversial epic, 1900, has arrived. **Page 58**

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# Interview

With Dr. Christiaan Barnard

Dr. Christiaan Barnard's name has graced many headlines since December 3, 1967, when he announced to the world that he had just performed the first human heart transplant. A decade later, the feisty 55-year-old South African surgeon has passed many more surgical milestones among them the piggyback technique of transplanting a second heart into a patient and grafting a baboon heart into one patient and a chimpanzee heart into another. He has also authored an autobiography and two medical novels, and gained a reputation as a jet setter by moving with the likes of Greta Garbo and Princess Grace of Monaco. His second wife, Barbara, is at his bedside. He is a constant demand throughout the world as a guest speaker and a sponsor of causes, and he was in Winnipeg recently to receive an award at the annual dinner of the St. Boniface General Hospital Research Foundation. Here, *Winnipeg Free Press* journalist Linda Matheson spoke with Barnard in his hotel lounge, where she found him eager to discuss his career and his aspirations.



**Matheson:** Do you enjoy the publicity you receive?

**Barnard:** I think it is part of human nature to enjoy being recognized and being praised for what you have done. I think there are very few human beings who don't enjoy that. I think some of them pretend they don't enjoy it, but they do enjoy it in their hearts. I'm more of an extrovert in that I show my enjoyment and my appreciation for what people do for me and what they're recognized and what I've done. You know, people have entered me for being married a very young and beautiful wife. I think a lot of these accolades are what I like to be in my position but they just cannot. They just don't get it, you see.

**Matheson:** Do you think doctors are just going to reach over an operating patient's chest?

**Barnard:** Oh yes. I have no doubts. I've just written a novel, *The New World*. It deals with this problem and I come back to my original philosophy of medicine—that the greater goal is to alleviate suffering and to prolong life. And if your treatment does not alleviate suffering but only prolongs life, that treatment should be stopped.

**Matheson:** Should a doctor go any farther and give a patient drugs to end his suffering?

**Barnard:** Well, yes. I think that is possible, that you can give drugs to alleviate suffering even to the extent that it will

I'm concerned about my patient, and what the medical profession says is not important

shorten life. But I don't think in this stage we have the right yet to actually go and give us medicine of drugs. I think it's important to distinguish between active euthanasia and passive euthanasia. But I don't practice active euthanasia. But I do practice passive euthanasia and I think there are very few doctors in the world who do not.

**Matheson:** Could you explain why the first human heart transplant was performed in South Africa where other countries were just as technologically advanced, if not more so?

**Barnard:** I'd like to point out that the heart transplant is not the only surgical technique that was first performed in South Africa. There are other forms, treatment of

patients with congenital heart disease, that we were the first to describe. And I think the reason is in the fact that medicine in South Africa is very well developed. When you're young, you are more ambitious; you have more go, more drive. Young people in South Africa were given the opportunity to do things and I think that is probably the reason why we did the first transplant.

**Matheson:** It's okay, but there are some who feel, though, that the long-term benefits of heart transplants are far from proven.

**Barnard:** I think the best, the most qualified people to answer are the patients. You know, Dr. Blalock was the second transplant, the most famous patient; he lived 18 months after the transplant. When I was busy working on my biography, *Our Life* with a man called Bill Pepper, he interviewed Dr. Blalock on this thing—the value of heart transplants, and he said, "Before that I was always terribly distressed because I was always short of breath. I was gasping for breath. When I realized that I could pull on my lungs

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Alexander Leaf, M.D.:

## ON THE PHYSICAL FITNESS OF MEN WHO LIVE TO A GREAT AGE

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE:** Alexander Leaf, M.D., Jackson Professor of Clinical Medicine, Harvard Medical School and Chief of Medical Services, Massachusetts General Hospital has traveled the world to examine people who are living to a great age in vigorous health, free from infirmities and debility which plague so many of our elderly. What has he learned can help you if you want to enjoy living a long, long time in sturdy health.

—Richard Stanton

In the Cameroun village of Darguila I found myself running, jumping and dithering down the rocks to keep abreast of Markild Tarkito, age 104, as he descended to the cold mountain stream where he had his daily bath. Markild had related that as long as he could remember he bathed twice morning in his lush stream. We got into our car at Markild's house to drive down to the stream where we would take pictures. Halfway down the rough road the driver stopped and refused to go further. "If I proceed further down this road I'll never get the car back," he shouted. While we were arguing Markild jumped from the car and asked, "What are we waiting for?" Whereupon he started down the hill with us in pursuit. It proved to be a difficult and

rough descent, but Markild moved so quickly and nimbly over the rocks and down the river bank that I had difficulty keeping beside him, frightened at what might happen were he to stumble and fall. Knowing how fragile the bones of most of our old people are, I had terrifying visions of peeping up the peccot were Markild to trip. Fortunately, no such mishap occurred and Markild reached the bottom of the hill ahead of me.

Later I asked the Rancho doctors where how often the old people suffered fractures. They shrugged and claimed they rarely were fractures. The constant physical activity of these vigorous old men keeps the balance between bone formation and destruction such that the bones remain mineralized, dense and strong.

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# What secessionists don't understand is that even if they win, they lose

Column by John Crispo

It will be ironic, to say the least, if the separatist cause proves to be underwritten rather than enhanced by the legitimate aspirations of French Canadians. Yet that is precisely what it happens if Quebec should decide to go its own way. Within Canada it may not just be the French-Canadian culture and language that are at stake. It could be the entire socio-economic-political system.

It is the thesis of this commentary that that of Canada will not survive as an entity if Quebec should secede. It is stated by other Alberta or the Maritimes, there would be a movement to join the United States; the same would Quebec must reach a movement the largest but even it would have to go along eventually. The net result would be United States of America is redefining a relatively insignificant French Canadian enclave in its northern corner. Anyone—separatist or otherwise—who thinks that Quebec would be better off than now under these circumstances is just plain naïve.

That there are such individuals is hardly surprising given the depth and the intensity of the feelings that be behind the separatist cause. Separatism is basically a self-destructive and defeatist emotional phenomenon. It reflects the desperate feeling of a minority that is convinced that its future is threatened. It feeds on fears of a further decline in the group's relative numerical strength and draws on examples of discrimination especially in the economic sphere.

Fortunately most English Canadians seem to have a large number of good-will toward Quebec. This has led to a mixture of benevolence, sympathy, tolerance and understanding. How long these attitudes will persist is questionable.

The nature and tone of the debate over secession is not that encouraging. The ultimate aim of the separatists is complete independence or political sovereignty without some sort of economic association. They believe that the future is in if it could be easily worked out. In contrast, key leaders in Ontario and Alberta and elsewhere have had to dismiss this possibility. The problem is that the debate is bound to become more emotional and irrational as the date for Quebec's referendum on secession approaches.

It is a sad—indeed tragic—commentary on the present state of the country that the

case of Confederation is not being effectively made from within Quebec. At the very least this means that the separatists will gain a substantial minority vote in their referendum. As a result, consequently, we cannot to plague Quebec even as we seek to Canada as a whole. Which way the uncertainty as to the future of the country in favor of separatism remains to be seen. It hardly bodes well for the non-French Canadian which is already extremely bleak. The question could



then become one of how harden later including more unemployment, will affect French-Canadian citizens. Because the risks of separation are not to be minimized it is important to speculate on the results. Canada has always been a difficult country to maintain. It is riddled with regional disparities and separatist tendencies which extend far beyond the borders of Quebec. Moreover, it has never made much sense economically, a lot of life that would become more precious had it as said when an attempt was made to forge an economic association between Quebec and the remainder of the country.

Quebec's departure might temporarily strengthen the bonds of unity in the remainder of the country but not for long. Soon thereafter some provisions or separate would begin to think more of their mutual north-south ties than their artificial east-west ones. Canadians have worried throughout their history about the United

States' so-called marionette destiny. Indeed, the only durable form of Canadian nationalism has been based on anti-Americanism. All of this could change in quick order if Quebec pulls out. Instead of worrying about an American take-over, English Canadians could suddenly find themselves wondering about U.S. willingness to pick up the pieces. The very thought of this should give all Canadians and especially French Canadians, including the most radical separatists, cause for reconsidering their position. It's ludicrous to think that Quebec's culture and language—let alone its overall socio-economic political position—would be better protected when virtually totally surrounded by an enlarged United States of America. At most Quebec would then be tolerated as a quaint, French-Canadian cultural and linguistic remnant, far less valued than the few French-Canadian separatists and its key resources. It would be even more haunted by the surrounding English-speaking majority than it is today.

The challenge is obvious for all but those who would not find it that attractive to be absorbed into the United States. Both language rights and francophone power sharing must be recognized in Canada if the country is to remain united. English should remain the basic language in the rest of Canada with as many people permitted to learn French as possible. Quebec should be able to insist on French as its primary, if not exclusive language.

One is bound to have even more qualms about any further devolution of power in Canada. The country already has a highly decentralized and inept federal government system which makes coordination of policies a perennial concern. Nevertheless some further decentralization and fragmentation, particularly in the field of social security, may still be feasible without making the country completely unmanageable from a fiscal and monetary point of view.

The reader cannot feel that optimistic about the future of Canada. Yet even if Quebec is on both sides of the separatist chasm may still be able to find an accommodation. If nothing else, fear of absorption by the United States should galvanize enough men and women just then as often in the past.

John Crispo is a professor of industrial education at the University of Toronto.

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Today's Blue Jean Boy may be amused by the extravagant life style of the 18th century and its unbalanced social system that might



have prevented him from sharing in its benefits. But the two hundred years of progress that brought greater opportunity for us all, have also brought many new complexities.

Today, tomorrow's security cannot be assured by current wealth or family connections. Each of us must create a plan that will continue to keep our families in the life style we take for granted, when we are no longer coming to provide it.

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**"Defective" is how you define it**  
I read *Our Lady Of The Canyon* (November 34) on *Seneca* with some interest. Reference is made to Frank's book, *Terror In The Name Of God*, which Jack's review erroneously calls "the definitive work on the Dooleboos." I feel that Holt's book is an example of some of the worst pieces of hate propaganda against one of Canada's minority groups.

To the *seneca* reader the book is disturbing. It pretends to tell the story of a small racist faction within the Dooleboos. In reality, Holt makes little distinction between the whole and the part. With her one-way tape, Holt seeks to do several things: to destroy the Dooleboos social movement and to show how dangerous people of Russian background can be to Canada. Behind the facade of every Russian Canadian she is gone, there looms the Communist threat of domination and subversion. In brief, she writes for money at the expense of one of Canada's multicultural groups. I am the author of *The Federal History Of The Dooleboos* (1989) and of *Followers Of The Dooleboos* which will be coming out this fall. I am one of the Dooleboos Holt tried to defame.

ROSEMARY THAKURRY, OTTAWA

**Here we killed as he who will not see**  
I suggest to Ken Harrison (Paying The Blues Where It Belongs, Letters, November 34) that he take the necessary time to inform himself properly about the 300-year withdrawal from the town from which Quebec has only recently emerged—only 17 years ago in fact. Such a study might inform him where the blame truly lies and remove much of the confusion in which he appears to be descending when he assumes that "most of the hostility seems to be coming from Ontario" and which he later describes as "anonymity and self-centredness." I wonder if he is aware that there are more than one million English-speaking Canadians living in Quebec and that they might be able to tell him about the *seneca* and self-centredness by which they are surrounded. No doubt he will hang up with the self-centredness of which we have heard so much. In effect he will break off anything that might be said to dispense, once and for all, the myths and piece-de-jointure of the truth that is believed to be Canada's history.

IAN HENDERSON, MONTREAL

**A women's place is in the corners**  
I read *She Shoots She Scores* (November 35) on girls' hockey and I find that some things are different in my British Columbia. We have a league that has 400 girls making up 26 teams in junior, intermediate and senior divisions. We play in 10 rink-sized Vancouver and the officials have to be 18 and older to referee the senior girls' games. We follow the rules and everyone's very strict about behaviour on the ice.

LAURA CARTWRIGHT, RICHMOND BC

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A group of people, including a man in a dark vest and a woman in a white headscarf, standing outdoors.

## Greece

Previous:      Postal Code

Macleary's

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# Canada

## Springtime for Trudeau?

In Ottawa over Christmas, a report contemplating his summer vacation expressed his concern to schedule ministerial duties and elections might interfere with his plans. The minister told him not to worry, the election will have come and gone by summer. That forecast is being widely echoed around Ottawa this month as the capital tunes up for Fight Night: White House Minister Pierre Trudeau could, realistically, delay calling an election until the summer of 1979, so one expects him to wait that long.

Trudeau, who alone must make the final decision, has warned against premature speculation. "It's too soon to begin that game again," he told a year-end press conference. But the game has already begun. One measure—Don MacDonald's resignation—has made public his production of a full election. He reasoned that if then Canadians will have learned to "accept their responsibilities and live closer together, and Canada will have developed better foreign trade relations."

But most agree point to a spring campaign. In February, the government will have a federal provincial "summit" on the economy, to be followed by introduction of a constitutional reform package to parliament, all capped by a national Liberal convention in Ottawa. The three events are

designed to create a launching pad for a spring election, to be called in March for May. The key element in the decision-making process could be the February Gallup poll, to be released in early March. "If the polls are as close as possible," promises one prime ministerial aide, "an election call would be a safe bet."

The most recent Gallup, released in early December, showed the Liberals 10 percentage points ahead with 44% of the needed votes compared to 34% for the Conservatives. The trend, however, was running a parallel the Liberals, who led by as much as 24 points (51% to 27%) last summer. Most observers have attributed this decline in Liberal popularity to the country's poor economic performance and the shift in public attention from national unity to jobs and inflation. The federal-provincial economic conference in February is meant to arrest this trend by demonstrating that the government is doing something about the economy and by spreading responsibility to the provinces that the conference could backfire. The provincial premiers, for example, particularly Toronto's Bill Davis of Ontario and Peter Lougheed of Alberta, may not go along with Trudeau. And the public might view the gathering as just so much window dressing. If the conference is a bust and

economic news continues to be bad, Trudeau might delay an election until fall. If not, "then to no such surprise, we will have a federal election—in April, May, or May," predicts Conservative guru Dikane Camp. "The consequence of the Liberal election campaign will be the new economic charter for Canada, which as we will be told is a story and song, will make the bad prosperous once more."

Actually, the charter that emerges from the conference will not be a centerpiece in the next election so much as a diversion. It will allow the Liberals to concentrate on national unity, Trudeau's favorite issue. In effect, Trudeau will be running against Quebec premier René Lévesque—not the opposition parties in Ottawa—and Lévesque has already indicated his intention to respond in a manner designed to frustrate Conservative leader Joe Clark, who plans to run directly against Trudeau. The Tory campaign will try to cast doubt on Trudeau's trustworthiness in view of his record of broken promises from the last campaign, and to question his sympathy

Clark and McFay with little Catherine Jane, and Trudeau with Rachel DeRi, daughter and Michael with Margaret Jean, Margaret photographed Christmas night as the Gallup poll goes, as goes the nation

## The years have not been that unkind

As Pierre Trudeau approaches his fourth anniversary and the completion of 10 turbulent years as Prime Minister, the conservativeists look back on the years and find that he has aged well. Doubtless before he lights the 1980 campaign anniversary fire, as he does, he stands the 1970 Great Depression. He is in good luck with his wife, Margaret, who is 57, and his daughter, Rachel, who is 17. He is in good luck with his son, Michael, who is 17. He is in good luck with his son, Michael, who is 17. He is in good luck with his son, Michael, who is 17.



for the average Canadian struggling against inflation and unemployment. Armed with polls showing the public doubts they would do a better job managing the economy, the Conservatives also plan to attack Trudeau's fiscal record without actually saying what they would do differently.

If a campaign strategy that might work in English Canada, especially Ontario where the most seats (65 of a total of 282) are at stake. But Quebec remains a grave yard for Clark and the Conservatives, and Ontario has a tradition of withholding votes from a national leader who cannot attract support in Quebec. Clark's own French has improved considerably since he was elected party leader in February 1976, but he still needs foreign French-speaking Quebecers. Clark's reliance on an anglophone executive from Bell Canada, Keith Meehan, to run his Quebec campaign seems odd. Compounding the problem: Claude Wagner, Clark's most vocal Quebec lieutenant, has been ill almost all summer. The Conservatives do not expect him to run again in the next election. Wagner's successor, by default, is Roch LaBelle. The Conservatives' only other

frontrunner is his. His views often lean toward the Quebec government and he could be an embarrassing liability for Clark during the election campaign. One more and Quebec Tory predicts that party will win just one seat in Quebec—LaBelle's.

If the Conservatives are weak in Quebec, the New Democrats are all the more so. They have never won a seat in the province and appear unlikely to near that perfidious record this year as they rest their hopes on consumer advocate Phil Edmonstone, an American-born anglophone who lost a by-election in Montreal last May. The year will concentrate its resources outside Quebec, however, as the 50-odd ridings where the party finished first or second in recent elections. By making the economy a centerpiece, and, unlike the Conservatives, offering defined alternatives to government policies, the NDP hopes to cross back to the left of Clark's party ground in 1972 before dropping back to 16 in 1974. Marked out for special attention by the new anti-Trudeau Minister Otto Lang in Saskatchewan and Conservative Speaker James Jerome in economically troubled Sudbury, the Liberals have a plan of their own in the Ontario Mayor Jan Paterson against

Ed Broadbent, a move that may hit the NDP leader to his own riding more than he would like.

On the fringes, the Conservatives are still a force in Quebec, although the party has leadership problems since the death of René Charbonneau in 1976 and his successor, André Fortin, in a car accident last year. Charbonneau's son, Gilles, is the new leader, but he has yet to be confirmed by a party convention. Rumors persist that some Charbonneau will soon take the floor to join the Liberals before the election. Others may simply retire.

There is a long list of retiring MPs, including former cabinet ministers Michael Sharp, Donald MacDonald and Rod Driess. Former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and former vice leader Tommy Douglas. Their departure plus the creation of 18 new seats in parliament through redistribution, thus opened vacancies for a gallery of new faces and the parties are trying to select "house" candidates into the race, particularly in Toronto. There, the Liberals are chasing John Evans, president of the University of Toronto, and Paul Cosgrove, mayor of suburban Scarborough. The Conservatives are making a de-





Brainiac problems on the loose here?

One person who will not be this candidate for any party is former finance minister John Tamar.

In Quebec, the Conservatives are scrambling for a candidate of stature. They would love to get Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau but he seems most interested in staying where he is. The Liberals, too, would like some new blood in Quebec to replace *néoconservative* backbenchers and are pursuing Laurence Picard, former president of the Cbc. Bruce Mackay, who left federal politics to run province-wide, is fleeing his own name as a possible candidate, but not everyone in Ottawa is excited about the prospect of having him back.

No matter how many new faces emerge, however, the election will still revolve around Trudeau. It will be his fourth and perhaps last, as Prime Minister. In an interview with *CNN's* Bruce Phillips, he and his future after the next election as "an open question" and added: "When Mr. Lévesque loses his referendum and loses his election, I may know more or less what I will have left to do. Well, we've closed that book for a while." **INQUIRER**

## Meanwhile, back at the seashore

While Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau pondered the timing of the next federal election, the four Atlantic premiers will be anxiously awaiting his decision. Provincial elections are due in all four Atlantic provinces this year and the premiers will not want to see the left over where their campaigns. If the federal election is in the spring, they will likely wait until the fall.

The most interesting of the four elections will be in New Brunswick, where Conservative premier Richard Hatfield stands a real chance of being beaten by Liberal Robert Hoggins. Hatfield, 46, has become somewhat of a national figure lately with his strong appeals for national unity and his efforts to get the English-speaking provinces to recognize French minority rights. But in his own province he is best known for the *Golden Square*—the province lost \$23 million in investing in the

## NEWFOUNDLAND

### Those damned seals again

With its caddy white fur and lustrous brown eyes, the baby seal has become a Canadian icon right up there in the public consciousness with the beaver and the maple leaf. Protest groups have made it so—and with increasing ferocity. Last season *Sea-the-Sea* campaigners turned the tiny Newfoundland village of St. Anthony into a media Mecca. Cms, complete with exotic on-site guides from Yvette Marston and Brigitte Boudet ("an adorable bundle of wool") who decerned the seal "swims" about to begin their annual business of clothing 770,000 seals to death in the interests of *adorned* fashionable ladies' fashions. Such was the effect on world opinion that this month Newfoundland premier Frank Moores, with considerable—and impressive—assistance from Toronto's notable *Quebecois* Conservatives in firm, is setting off on a tour of the United States and Europe to con-

vince people like March and "Barbar" (as opposed to "Barry") in Wright, Irvine and as it happens, visit to his island's sickly economy.

Over the past several years the Newfoundland government ignored demonstrations on the grounds that sealhounds would only starve to give protesters credibility. But last year newspapers and tv networks, unable to resist the exotic combination of sexy French seaports, adorable bundles and men wearing hoodlums' club, made Newfoundland its day would around the world. Moores hopes to find And while the French government banned all imports of fur, it was clearly time to take to the hands. The fact that only 77 seals were sent to France has just won't be the point. "The important thing to remember is that they're taken alive," says Moores. "We're going to try and stop that seal from developing in other countries."

Seal hunting a holy war at the end of the 77th hunt a holy way to die?



First stop New York, where Moores planned to ask journalists that Newfoundlanders are sick of being called "idiotic, insensitive, selfish barbarians" who have been subjected to "intimidation clouded in almost hysterical appeals to the emotion." Then on to Washington, where Moores feels he can count on old pals Elton Richardson, former Nixon cabinet member and Ted Sorensen, sometime John Kennedy aide, to help him get a better press. "We'll get all the bloody exposure we want," says Moores who has undertaken these trips of adversity since he was the same success story in Paris, Bonn and London.

Although Moores says he "hasn't a clue" how much it will all cost Newfoundland taxpayers, *Quebec's* conservative vice-president Larry Dwyer says it could well exceed \$100,000. That will include a few copies of *Sea the Sea Newfoundland Seal* (90 cents for a seven-volume) and to help convince critics that all those overseas aren't just left to rot on ice floes in the North Atlantic. **BOB WAGNER**

## TORONTO

### A poet, in his kind

In Canada, under the cashish gaze of the "White Anglo-Saxon Protestant" as a grouping of people who are not necessarily



Yacht enduring beyond a day

Protestants and more definitely not Anglo-Saxon. They are the Celts—Irish, Scots, Welsh and Cornish (in French Canada they are represented by the Bretons). The

Celtic contribution to the development of Canadian culture. (See David Thompson in St. John A. Macdonald to Marshall McLuhan, has been incalculably immense but sadly less through mass media.)

And that fact, even in isolation, justifies the gathering of the class in Toronto in early February for a symposium on *Celtic and The Celtic Canadianism*. The symposium will explore Celtic culture from its earliest mythologies to its most contemporary manifestations in national movements and, through such Celtic Canadianism as Hugh MacLennan ("The Celts provide the only real content in Canada"), Miss Ferguson, Harry Bayle, Kathleen Debra and McLuhan, discuss the effects of this culture on the collective Canadian psyche.

Then there is the presentation of *The Celtic Fire: The Canadian Play (W.B. Yeats)*, the deservedly all-around Irish play, is the first English-language presentation of the full cycle of the play—also giving coverings of verse, music, and dance—ever done. This tribute to Yeats will be given, incidentally, by the attendance of his son Michael, vice-president of the European Common Market, performance, daughter Anna and daughter-in-law, Gloriana (pronounced Green) who will also be the keeper for the play's production.

## OTTAWA

### To arms, to arms!

It's not as spectacular as spending \$2.4 billion on jet fighters or \$1.5 billion on patrol ships, but more important in human terms is a policy Defeat Minister Burrey Denison will announce later this month that requires the government to reduce Canada's military services. **McLennan**

### A company of the South Highlanders in England in 1945: the last art of warfare



has learned that Dumas plans to deliver the good news to the reserve's political organization, the Council of Defense Associations, in Ottawa. He will begin the delicate process of restoring the militia's beloved, but largely lost, capacity of mobilization for war.

No one need be reminded how unpopular mobilization was among the forces when they drafted the measure. Paul Hellyer bludgeoned it through in 1964. Soldiers, sailors and reserve units had further complaints: not only did they have to set aside their traditions, and somewhat religious, spiritual to one force or another, but each militia unit's role was reduced from potential mobilization to that of a mere pool of individual members available to flesh out the ranks of units already on active service. Numbers were cut back too—strength of a "first" battalion is 140, of an average reserve unit just 157. While equipment disappeared and so did morale, by 1979 the reserves stood at about 10,000 (down from a peak near 20,000 of about 120,000) and suffered a turnover of 60% a year.

The new reversal of policy reflects the fact that Canada no longer has enough men and women in the active service to fulfill Canada's fighting commitments to NATO and the Canada-U.S. Land Forces Agreement—though the divided sentiment overcomes. Whether Dumas will use the full-scale "mobilization" in his speech remains in doubt, since the cabinet decided on the point that the word "war" already dapples war reserve training, deployment, and operations with such resonance evocative of the Black Watch and the Royal Winnipeg Fusiliers will once again carry out exercises where they set in contraries to arms rather than replacement parts. **JOHN HAMILTON**

## ONTARIO

### Hot Hand Frank

When Frank Drew, Ontario's new Minister of Correctional Services, decided to head for Georgia to study convict work gangs, the media and his critics gleefully began to rewrite *Cool Hand Luke*. But wait! Paul Newman, his perpetration hard-boiled egg-acts and his "failure to connect" with, in case Drew surrounded by faithful images of imprisoned Canadian men working on Old South and mining *Water Boy*. But if there's one thing Drew cannot be accused of, it's a failure to communicate. Pointing out that Georgia's prison-work program is one of the most advanced in the world, he promised to effect some change similar to the one being opening. "They say that after sitting in jail for six months, we have to teach prisoners to work again," he said. "They can't stand up for seven hours straight."

Since he was sworn in last September 21, Drew has managed to communicate a blend of zeal and bombast that has made him into a central figure on the scale of art's



Free of the Don Jolt, the legend grows

"Flying" Phil Gaglardi and Montreal's Jens Drepan—men of more than passing or provincial renown. The very night Drew took over his portfolio, he served dinner to 5,000 inmates that "we've been raising hell for the aged." Later he had some good news for his charges—that he would close part of Toronto's reeking and mouth-watering Don Jail (113 years old) by December 31 (he did), and he invited friends to a New Year's Eve wake for the Don's gallows, "because they have a way of rising from the dead." But then he started his stringency measures: coffee prices being "a rip-off," inmates were confined to tea, cigarette replaced beer, Canadian apple, grape and tomato juice replaced imported orange and grapefruit. And then there was all that work to be done. Prisoners as well as longer he allowed inmates some modest recreation without honor, and Drew's plans even descended to the level of traffic-light seatbelts. Instead of spending a weekend at jail watching TV, they'll be herded off to alcohol now.

Critics can take some comfort in the fact that Drew's reforms include flogging up himself. A 46-year-old newspaperman, he remains a legend among colleagues as the old Toronto Telegram for his ready and bawdy exploits in Toronto's common law bushes (he took) and his more than casual his editors and his agonies over whether to inform their readers that, once again, their star reporter had been busted for drink

driving. When he first won a legislative seat in 1971, he took his breezing, bawdy Irish-Canadian personality with him. Not a few of his speeches were fired by the demon rum, and several of them almost ended in fistfights with opponents. But when Drew joined Ontario's Conservative cabinet he joined Ontario cops on the tea wagon as well. It would not do, he explained, to be caught with Jaeger Meats in the same corridors of government, as he assumed his role.

As a journalist, Drew had prided himself on being a man of the people—and a strong supporter of labor unions, a trait not normally found in the latter columns of Ontario's Telegram. In 1963 Drew left journalism to work in Sudbury as a PR man for the United Steelworkers of America, but after two years returned to the Tely where he started the consumer-service feature *Acute Last*. It had newspaper missions across the country and even a 1969 column series called *Mythbust* among. Ted Tolson was a lightly disguised Frank Drew. This show died after a single season, and there are some among Drew's friends who fear his current tap dance in the lunchbox may be just as fleeting, because the novelty of his accessibility and insider have eroded into a two-pronged snake dance. This puzzled Drew. "I promised to run the most public memory of all time," he told Marlowe, "and I still surprises people when I tell them exactly what we are doing, but there's no acceptance. This should have been done a long time ago." **CHRISTY MARLOWE**

# The U.S.A.

## A critical look at Jimmy Carter's first year

By Walter Stewart

The schoolteacher from LaGrange, Michigan, was pleased and proud to be here in Plains, Georgia, happy to pay \$2.50 for the town's most, so to say, the very building where Jimmy Carter's mother studied nursing, the store where the President's uncle sold oranges, the yard where Jimmy and brother Billy played baseball, once, with the prize coupe. It was too to be brewed through the Y.M.C.A. Coors Brewery there and The Peanut Gallery, and it was as happy to stuff out \$2.95 for a pound of Plains and one dollar for a can of baked peanuts (hot sells in America, 12 each away, for 28 cents, or \$7.95 for a doll like the doll Jimmy gave his daughter Amy last Christmas. It was all so American, even the water-tower painted with Sam and Sammie, and Billy's gas station with its junk and beer and monogrammed T-shirts. But did he think Carter was doing a good job as President? "Well, no. He's a man."

And so it goes, from coast to coast. The Presidency is wonder, the man a disaster. The mythmaking and the bashing are as much in evidence in Lafayette, Louisiana, a restaurant owner grumbles, "That's right, it's my kitchen got two specks, Shaw and Stop. Now I have to pay him \$2.65 on beer 'cause Jimmy Carter says so." Then he adds, "But he brings peace to the Middle East, that'll be fine." In San Mateo, California, a management consultant complains, "He's no damn good. I never found a feeling that you can trust what he says... but you got to respect the office." In New York, a hotel doorman says, "He betrayed the blacks, he ducked out on unemployment, he screwed up on energy and I want to God even the weather gets worse."

It is not possible to be President of the United States. Jimmy Carter, who wanted the job so badly he could take it, is ending his first year of power on January 20 in a steady drizzle of criticism. The public opinion polls have turned sour on him, and the industry headlines of this winter have become acidic and gloomy. THE UNRAVELLING OF THE CARTER PRESIDENCY TOLD ANOTHER BUMMER PRESIDENT.

We have been this way before, not once, but many times. Every President goes through a honeymoon that ends in a screaming match. Gerald Ford, helped by peace when he succeeded Richard Nixon, was soon set down to a war-battered, and stumbled to defeat. Nixon in turn had gone from optimism to crack. Lyndon Johnson, who won the most overwhelming Presidential victory to date in





1964 (he was later eclipsed by Nixon, who, like Nixon, detested him) to the benefit of his enemies. The last President to serve two full terms was Dwight Eisenhower, whose full term was a steady chip shot. The last President generally regarded as a success was Harry Truman, who retired a quarter of a century ago. John Kennedy has been deified not for what he did but for what he was expected to do if he had not been assassinated. His actual record was highlighted by the Bay of Pigs fiasco and the beginnings of Vietnam. Carter's aides are openly talking about "narrow-ups" and speculating that their man will not last a second term.

During his inauguration, he got out and walked. His mediocre speech was forgotten when Carter, with wife Rosalynn and daughter Amy, hopped out of the Presidential limousine as it moved majestically down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue and walked along smiling and shaking and shaking hands. It was a triumph of public relations, it made one of my Washingtonian neighbors exclaim: "Almost make us wish it had been the 10th!" After that it was all downhill.

During his feverish two-year campaign

The Carters practicing the political love on inaugural day: downhill roller

for the Presidency, Carter sold off so many pieces of himself to various lobbies that he arrived in Washington convinced it was a whole mess of impossible tasks. In fact, he made 602 promises during the campaign, many of them contradictory.

He would balance the budget, to satisfy his conservative clientele, and promote full employment for the liberals. He would introduce national health insurance, while protecting the private sector. He would bail out New York while restoring integrity to urban politics. He would give the blacks their due, while restoring special interest groups. To satisfy the vets, he would get tough with Russia and speak out for human rights while, to satisfy the defense lobby, there would be no handouts for the approved democrats in Chile and South Korea. He would decrease payoffs, cut the White House staff, make Congress efficient, install merit leadership, at the same time, providing jobs for his backers, making peace with Congress and restoring confidence in the economy. He would cut defense spending

and bury the memory of Vietnam. He would give everyone a \$50 tax rebate and most of all, he would clear all the deadwood out of Washington and bring new life to the capital.

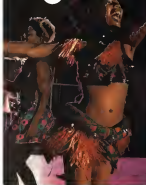
It couldn't be done, and it wasn't.

Carter's human rights campaign began wisely and then quickly and quietly, leaving nothing behind but the corpse of the SALT II agreement. His cabinet was composed mainly of the leftovers of previous Democratic administrations. Congress was soon at war with the President and that, as were, spelled the demise of most of his ambitious legislative program. New York, reduced was abandoned. The White House staff grew by more than 30% during the first three months of the new administration and, while calling on others to cut back, he slipped his boys a secret 25% pay hike. The Humphrey-Hawkins unemployment bill, centerpiece of the Democratic platform, was emasculated. Blacks were given more posts within the administration, but mostly ones—and they still can't join Carter's church in Plains. The tax relief and health insurance work without a trace, but as their place Americans get a record defense budget and the nuclear bomb. Carter spoke of the enemy crisis as "the moral equivalent of war," sent in fire-fight chads, initiated a series of plans to deal with it. But now the national remnants of his reforms are still struggling through Congress and may never make it.

Then there was the Lance affair. Bert Lance, a good old boy from Georgia, born Lancer, a good old boy from Georgia, was given one of the nation's most prestigious and powerful jobs, as budget director. Then investigation revealed that, as his own banking business, Lance had practiced favoritism and other sloppy bookkeeping or chicanery. Even after his Washington appointment, he was busy taking classes and he was forced from office with the echo of Carter's promise still ringing in his ears. Born-again Jimmy was apparently bringing the Bible to Washington for real.



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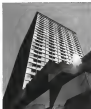






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# The heirs apparent

Presenting the Canadians we'll soon be talking about

"Bring him down a peg." Up to now, that's been one of the Canadian national sports. Somehow it's just not right to do too well. That attitude could be changing, though, partly because of the emergence of a new breed of winners who want success—that old, solid, traditional, Establishment kind of success—and aren't afraid to admit it.

Who are these winners of '78? They've already made their mark in their various fields of expertise and they're poised to move to the top. They're the Canadians who will be giving the orders in the next few years. But mostly they're the young people who have been willing to take the risks, pay the price, and keep on climbing.

For many, success is its own reward. It almost has to be, given the Canadian disregard for homegrown talent. Like so many in the new wave of achievers, Garth Drabinsky, a 29-year-old Toronto film producer prodigy, is totally frank about his ambition. "Canadians don't get behind winners but I want to be one anyway."

The new winners are breaking social barriers on their way to the top. The "right" school and the "right" club don't seem to matter as much any more; business and private lives are getting more informal; "going through the proper channels" is secondary to getting the job done. Toronto money manager whiz Tommy Kierzas, 37, sees this as an American influence. "The Americans don't care how old you are, whether you are yellow, black or Jewish. It's brains that count." So a Jewish up-and-comer can be found thriving in the traditional WASP stronghold of banking. When Barry Zuckerman went into banking five years ago, friends were incredulous. "Are you

crazy?" they asked. "You won't go anywhere." They were wrong. At 36, he's head of investment for Toronto-Dominion Bank.

Another big change now under way is the appearance of more women among the ranks of winners. The successful woman feels an unquestionable right to be where she is: male counterparts are learning to take her presence in stride. But if the women have families, they're still under more strain than most men to keep both careers and private lives healthy.

Darlene Marzani, 34-year-old Vancouver feminist and Alderman, has shaken the "perfect woman" syndrome—she doesn't really care that her house is less than neat.

Some things don't change, and the dual drives of devotion to career and desire to live a rounded private

life are still taking their toll. As a group, the winners of '78 have had more than their share of broken marriages. Some talk of choosing a single life so as not to be "distracted." Others hold on to a family through sheer hard work. Jim Peterson, a 36-year-old Toronto lawyer zooming up the Liberal Party ranks, and his wife, Heather, solved the problem of conflict by working together as a strong political duo on campaigns. But Bruce Allen, a Vancouver rock impresario, 29 years old and single, finds absolutely no time for a social life. "I'm living in a \$300,000 house with a view and I don't care."

What follows is a completely arbitrary list of "new winners." There are dozens of others across Canada who are quietly busy outstripping their competitors, there are among the achievers who attracted *Maclean's* attention.

## The Class Of '78

## Politics

There's a long road between tokenism and a legacy, but Vancouver's **Dorlene Marzari** has finally arrived. She was first elected to Vancouver City Council in 1972 because she was a woman "in the right place at the right time and they were looking for an appropriate token." She was reelected in 1974, she says, simply because she picked up sympathy votes. But in 1978 she polled fourth in the entire city because she'd become, as she puts it, "a successful politician. I'm getting bloody good at this business." Marzari's toughness isn't evident in simple discontent: "I'm not bloody good at the golden rule," she says at 54, widowed, mother of a seven-year-old daughter. But the proof of it lies in her dedication. As self-confessed "morning junkie," she goes for out 15 hours a day defending minorities and pushing her oft-assailed equal opportunities program through council. She's also curiously refreshing: "I have no intention of running provincially or federally. It's much more exciting to be closer to home than to be a lousy backbencher."

Fifteen years ago, **Perrin Beatty** walked out of a small-town movie theatre straight into his future. Across the Forge, Ontario, main street glowed the bright lights of the Conservative Party's local campaign headquarters. Beatty was only 12, but he stepped, worded and thought, and his eyes grew very wide, reflecting the possibilities. By the time the 1963 election came about, he had a massive John Diefenbaker portrait blocking the living-room window. Forever conservative, he would one day defend the actions of Richard Nixon in a column he wrote for the University of Western Ontario student paper—"but that was in pre-Watergate days," he pleads—and by age 22 would be on his way to Ottawa as a rightmost-leaning Tory Member of Parliament. Now, five years later, he is married to a woman, Jane, who was Margaret Trudeau's sometime nanny the campaign days with Pierre, and he has a brother-in-law, Colin Kenney, who works as political adviser in the Prime Minister's Office devising strategies to defeat the Tories come the next election. Kenney may as well concede Wellington-Gray-Dufferin Waterloo riding to Beatty, though. Twelve-hour workdays in Ottawa, grueling constituency work on weekends and a growing reputation as a remarkably able MP add up to one thing: a cabinet post should the Conservatives rise to power.

**Lloyd Axworthy** is a man of wonderful contradictions—Anglo-Saxon from Winnipeg's North End, a politician who turned his back on great success in Ottawa for provincial politics, and the only Liberal to hold a seat in Manitoba's October 11 election. If that seems to be going backward, it is only an illusion. The 38-year-old Axworthy is content for the time being to divide his time between the University of Winnipeg, where he's director of the Institute of Urban Studies, and his MLA duties, which involve fighting for things such as freedom of information and people's basic rights. But watch out. His successes in

Marzari (top) and Beatty (right) rightly when people are in the right place at the right time it usually isn't by accident



Axworthy: gone from Ottawa, but not forgotten, or forgetting

Ottawa, where he served as John Turner's executive assistant for several years and where he acted as a member of the government's Special Task Force on Housing, have by no means been forgotten. Asked about being Prime Minister one day, he would only say: "Dustin! Everyone dreams about it!" No, but Lloyd Axworthy does.

## Justice

In eight years she moved from dancing a frantic can-can at the Big Four Casino during the Calgary Stampede to the criminal courts. But **Dorlene Marzari** came to plead cases, not polka, at 23, the slight, soft-spoken woman was the youngest Crown prosecutor in Calgary. Three years later she was promoted, temporarily so far, to the Supreme Court circuit, chosen far ahead of prosecutors with much more experience. Still dancing—at the twice, mind you—she spends most of her time, naturally, at work. And the man cost her a six-year-old marriage last year. Her intention is to soften her work pressures by trying out such things as downhill skiing. With the rest of the week spent going up, it's nice to know there's something to level her out on the weekends.

**Reinold Ahlbe** drapes her long legs over the arm of a stuffed chair. Pin-striped trousers. White shirt, stiff wing collar. A tiny heart-shaped face tilted in perpetual inquiry. At 31, she looks her part—one of Canada's youngest judges (on the Ontario Family Court bench), one of the few women judges, period. The achiever-daughter of



an immigrant lawyer who survived a divorce takedown, she showcased the 100-hour law-school career route as a big firm on the bottom rung—by juggling into her own practice. She worked right up until the day before the births of both her sons, and says simply: "I can't stop yet."

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**Albion: proving that you can have the best of both worlds**

life without work." Her husband, Irving, accepts a wife who works all day and runs a home all evening. Her children, consigned to the care of a housekeeper, will never have a memory of mum cooking. ("I don't think anything important has been given up, but that will have to stand the test of time.") But they will remember her making dinner more human, protecting thoughts of children. "If you want it badly enough, you do it so that nothing suffers—work or marriage."

## Medicine

Someone with superior clairvoyance might have picked **Kathy Love** out at age 12 when she built herself a doll hospital out of apple crates at the same time as she was running a neighborhood "dental clinic" out of her father's garage. Finding that they might have known what was coming by reading her high-acted yearbook, where she listed "Dr. Kathy Love" under ambition. Now she's 30, and no one can ignore her obvious promise. She's involved with the Infectious Diseases Division of the Toronto General and Mount Sinai hospitals, working beside the operationally renowned Dr. Charles Hollenberg, physician-in-chief at Toronto General, who predicts Love "will develop into one of the outstanding clinicians and coaches in the country." Windsor-born, Alberta-raised, Love is bright, assertive, attractive and newly married, and has a delightful sense of humor—her slogan was "Love for Vice" when she ran for a high-school office.

## Sports

Let them talk about Gordie Howe's 1,000th goal. **Wayne Gretzky** already has scored more than 1,200—and he's only 16, some 13 years younger than Howe. Let them remember Phil Esposito at his peak, say in 1971-72, when he led the NHL with 76 goals. Wayne Gretzky was only 10 then, but he led his Brantford, Ontario, team in scoring, too—with 378 goals. They call him "the new Bobby Orr," but some are already thinking he might be the new, improved Orr. In this, his rookie season in Junior A's hockey, he is already the league scoring leader, with an astonishing three points per game for his St. Catharines. Marie Greyhounds. He's so obviously a winner that he's already got his own agent, even though he'll be junior age for three more seasons after this. But listen to this—he says hockey's not even his favorite sport. Baseball is.

Gretzky: after the age of 10



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Oil of Olay goes to work instantly to help you look younger. The beauty lotion penetrates your skin quickly, letting pure moisture, tropical oil and precious essences work with nature to help ease away

"It takes me away from all of the tension that I get in hockey."



Luger down to the sea...

...racing yachts, it is also quite tippy, and though Luger spends four to five hours every day, summer and fall, on the water practicing, she has also spent up to 70 minutes at a time in the water, numb with cold and wondering if she'll ever be rescued. Her reason for all this is simple—sailing, she says, lets you apart from other people.



## Public Service

Most successful civil servants would take a decade to rise half as far as **Marshall A. (Nick) Cohen**. Once he gets back to Ottawa from a year's sabbatical at Harvard he's due a big promotion. What he's been doing at Harvard is studying economics because, if the truth be known, he rose to his present position of assistant deputy minister in charge of tax policy without having read so much as the basic undergraduate primer in economics. Now 42, he was recruited in 1990 from a promising Toronto law career by the finance department to work on the massive overhaul of Canada's antiquated tax system and his two-year contract soon became a commitment. He married into Cohen's wealthy Loeb family, changed his philosophy from left-liberalism to "reconstructed liberalism" (read "conservative") and left the rest of the civil service checking in his dues. Now Jennifer Cohen and the son of a man's clothing designer, he might well be in charge of our next night fit.

Like so many others on this list, **Jennifer McQueen** is a work addict. "I haven't worked a nine-to-five job since my most junior years," she says. Now in her mid-forties, she is acting secretary-general of the National Museums, making her a powerful mover and shaker in the Canadian cultural scene as she oversees the federal art gallery, libraries and museums. But she is only "acting" head, in June, when Bernard Ostry returns from his sabbatical, he will reclaim his job. But for an idea of Jennifer McQueen's future, simply look over the past: the planning of Expo.

McQueen's present job may not be secure, but her future is



Whether or not one man decides to... Jennifer

Give the RCMP full credit on this one. As far back as 1971 the Mounties had **Bob Rabinovitch** dubbed as someone to "be watched with more than normal care." They knew that in the 1960s he had been a student activist, first at McGill, then at the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied economics and finance and was an early member of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). He even marched on the Pentagon. Why he deserves "more than normal" watching now, though, concerns his travels in Ottawa, from the finance department to the Secretary of State's office to the Department of Communications to his present Privy Council post as assistant secretary to the cabinet. That makes Rabinovitch, at 34, a key adviser to Cabinet Secretary Michael Pitfield and also to Prime Minister Trudeau. Short-haired now, and more reformist than radical, Rabinovitch considers himself still to be a social activist, but more tolerant now because "I've seen the other side." He also freely admits to having ambition. "How could I be where I am without being ambitious?"

## Theatre

He looks like the Little Prince grown up: cornflower hair, Chamois eyes, pale and open face. And there is even that same purity of spirit and resolve. At 27, **Jack Wetherell** is one of the soon acclaimed actors in the country. His Orlando in Stratford's *As You Like It* last summer produced a teeny-bopper adulation Donny Osmond would understand, and the critics have been only slightly less swooning. Odd then, that Wetherell would say, "This last year has been tough for me. I've been questioning whether or not I've the talent to be an actor." We know he went to high school in South St. Miens and to York University, so he must be able to read. And what have the critics been saying? "...extraordinary..."

## Dance

When **Sylvie Kinel-Ghevalier** was watching her first ballet, *The Nutcracker*, she fell soundly asleep. But that's many years ago, and now, a professional ballerina at 18, she is where she belongs—on the stage, not in the audience, poised for a leap into a role of Canada's newest ballet princess. She won the silver medal at Varna, Bulgaria, two years ago in one of the world's most prestigious competitions. Last year, she started in Les Grands Ballets



Kinel-Ghevalier's superstardom isn't important. Just inevitable

*Canadians' Romeo And Juliet*. Down to earth, from a middle-class Ukrainian background, she still lives at her parents' Montreal home, commuting two hours daily to

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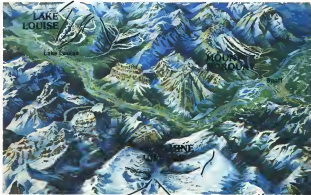
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the studio—as she has since she was 10. A dancer who maintains silence and complete concentration at rehearsals, she at one time let the bright lights uncover her own half-formed armbands. “I don’t want to think of anything too grand,” she says, “and then be disappointed.”

## Music

In just 11 months, four Toronto art students have become the best-known Canadian band in the current punk rock craze. Calling themselves the **Dinosaur Jr.**, they wear the required uniform—short, spiky haircut, straight-leg jeans and poverty boots. Bassist Ian Mackay, 22, adds a K-Mart dog collar. Singer Paul Robeson, 22, sports a miniature watchblade on a neck chain. John Caio, guitarist, and John Hamilton, drummer, both 21, just look like plain British lads. Unabashedly pro-technology, they reject all that 1960s nonsense about communes dropping out, moving to the country and smoking dope. Instead, they boast about the “consciousness-lowering” of their highly repetitive music and they show an entrepreneurial streak. Last summer, they avoided \$4,500 to convert a Toronto basement warehouse 1640 Casha St. Born, the city’s first punk rock venue. That closed after complaints from the

Mackay, Caio, Robeson and Hamilton: self-support

building’s chief tenant, the Liberal Party of Canada. Now with a five-year, \$250,000 contract with CBS Records of Canada Ltd., and one LP chattering the airwaves, the Dinos’ days of living off their girl friends are almost over.

## Art

In some ways, 33-year-old **Dan Ploch** seems to be winning big despite himself. The Winnipeg artist showed his sculptural drawings of hyacinths, copulating bodies and Pezmo wrote in Paris and picked up movie reviews. Then the director of the Winnipeg Art Gallery predicted international acclaim would soon come to Ploch. And how did he react? “So what?” is how. “It’s just another phase. It’s just like having my first show at the Winnipeg Art Gallery. When it’s over, you still have to go out producing.” All that’s new to say he’s a representative—just practical. Art for him is no different from “any other nine-to-five job,” and though he works Saturdays from time to time, in no way does his art completely dominate his life. Ploch claims to have little use for money, apart from the \$10,000 or so he needs each year for art supplies, and there’s very little possessiveness or arrogance about completed works, once they’ve been exhibited they go into storage sheds if Ploch can find no buyer. What keeps him going, then? The need to create each day, of course—a mark of a true artist.

## Business

When **Peter Nygard** was 12 he managed four newspaper routes—three he leased out, the fourth he kept for himself. The son of Swedish immigrants brought up near a town Manitoba, he obviously had the entrepreneurial instinct right from the start. At 23, he was

Hepher (right) and Nygard (below): power begetting power



an Eaton’s executive. By 26, he was a partner in a women’s fashion firm and well on the way to being a millionaire. Now 36, he is the owner of **Jan Jay fashions**, a multimillion-dollar clothing firm with plants in Winnipeg, Hong Kong, Los Angeles and New York. His “Banes Line” of dresses and suits is selling so well he is planning to add 400 employees to his Canadian and American plants. He has five \$35,000 Escalade cars, played in the various cities around the world where he spends his time. But success has exacted its price—Nygard works 80 hours a week and his marriage fell apart several years ago, on the very day he was moving into the old Eaton house in Winnipeg’s Wellington Crescent.

“Some people are motivated by sex, or the pursuit of money,” says 33-year-old **Michael Hepher**. “With me,

it’s power.” Unabashed aggressiveness is what helped make Hepher president of Maritime Life Assurance Company of Halifax two years ago. The son of a well-off British family, he turned down a chance to go to Oxford—no time for the “enjoyable social life of university”—and instead moved to Canada where he became an actuary. Maritime Life, just a small old regional company before Hepher got it, blossomed under his care and is now the fastest growing, most unconventional insurance company in the country. Though he’s happily married, with two children, he admits “it’s work which permeates my life, 168 hours a week.” Not surprisingly, he is especially finicky about



how he uses his time. “All successful people have some eccentricity and I suppose that is mine. I am very intolerant of people who waste my time.” But perhaps more accurate is the fact that he is running a national company from Halifax all places, and proving that it can be done.

**Conrad Black** is a bit like the Montreal Canadiens, a traditional winner, a dynasty, if you will. He’s only 33, but he is already widely regarded as a young businessman whose future will be one of the most fascinating to watch. If it’s



Black on much, no more—and even more in the near future

as interesting in his past, all eyes will be on him. Articulate, educated, blessed with a photographic memory and the proper social graces, Black is already worth well over \$50 million, thanks to inheritance, his growing publishing concerns and his army of directorships (Argus Corporation, Eaton’s, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Dominion Securities etc.). He lives in a million-dollar property in Toronto, but his influence is so vast that he seems to be everywhere, in business, Conservative politics, even literature (his 343-page biography of the late Quebec premier Maurice Duplessis is considered a major historical work). As for what’s to come, few doubt that Conrad Black will eventually take over direction of Argus

Corporation, according to John Angus (Bud) McDuGald and that will simply give Black some two billion dollars worth of majority in the future of this country.

A "cultural driver"? The man in the dark three-piece suit, silver-rimmed glasses and hair greying at the temples, looks more like a banker. But **Howard Eaton**, 42, head of one of Canada's newest banks (the Canadian Commercial and Industrial Bank, head office Edmonton) as both born in the United States of a Canadian-American match, he spent four years doing U.S. Air Force intelligence work, trained as a Chinese Mandarin linguist and later joined the Bank of America in the Far East. In 1967 he headed back to Vancouver and worked for an investment dealer before joining the Bank of British Columbia where he quickly rose to executive rank. Despite the pressures of starting a new merchant bank from scratch, Eaton insists that "the maintenance of my own personal identity is the most important thing to me." Carefully separating private from business life, the father of three sees his job at the top as temporary. "We are only candidates for a period of time," he says. "You've got to give it up gracefully. That's why my private life is so important to me."

Not so long ago, Montrealer **Brian Mulroney** was a Big Leaguer. But the Conservative party leadership race will soon be two years in the past, and Mulroney is no longer coming in third. "It is going to make a major change."



he said at the time, "this is the time to do it." By becoming an executive vice-president with the Iron Ore Company of Canada, he walked away from politics and from his "star" position as a lawyer in the weird world of Quebec labor law (he made headlines daily while serving on the commission that investigated violence in the construction industry). Now 35 and president of the powerful company, Mulroney can be said to have completely bounced back. He's so perfectly bilingual that people often assume he's a French (he's not). He's also a fiercely federalist anglophone who at home in Quebec—so, considering the state of affairs at hand, there's little doubt Mulroney's political time will come again.

## Labor

**Richard Cuthin** has done a lot of political thinking, but he's always been heading in one direction—to be a part of what he calls Newfoundland's "process of change." Some people would say he is causing it. At 41, his current role is head of Newfoundland's fishermen's union, an entity he has put together almost single-handedly over the past seven years. He was once a member of the Nationalist Republic Party and the CCF, but in 1962, with a law degree newly in hand, he joined the Liberals to contest—and unexpectedly won—the federal St. John's West riding. Cuthin lost the seat in 1968 and that's when he got busy building "people's organizations." His union activities grew out of his legal defense of Pleasant Bay fishermen who were complaining about pollution from a phosphates plant. He's become so good that fishermen in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia are getting envious glances in his direction.

Seven years ago, **Michel Beaudin**'s career took a jolt. As president of the reporters' union at Radio-Canada in Montreal, he criticized the way his employer submitted to government censorship during the October 1974 crisis. He was promptly fired, but the temporary setback merely propelled him toward new opportunities. Hired by one of Quebec's most radical union groups, the *Confédération des Syndicats Nationaux*, he produced a controversial report—the "Black File"—on violence in the tumultuous construction industry. Four years ago he was elected president of the building trades federation of the CIO, while it was under attack from all sides—from rival unions, from government and industry over labor disruptions, from its own members who felt it was too radical. Beaudin, now 34, has not only survived those pressures but he has also managed masterfully to become an important figure in the Parti Québécois, with influence on the Quebec government. At the same time, Beaudin has avoided the pattern of an older generation of labor leaders who have plenty of time for love work but none for the family. Along with wife Louise Harel, a feminist and leader of the party's left wing, he makes time to spend with his preschool daughter. "I'm much better than the average on that," he says. "Mind you, the average is no one, so that's not hard."

ANGELA FERRANTE-ROY McGRIGOR  
with correspondent reports

Continued: changing the things that can be—plus a few more

# The World

## Loosening The Pretoria Connection

The content of the South African response was part target, part warning, and a large part propaganda. Canada's decision to phase out government-sponsored commercial relations, introduce a code of conduct for Canadian companies or subsidiaries operating in South Africa and, if it can, break the preferential trade agreements between the two countries was based on "fundamentally false premises" according to the state radio which went on to accuse (inaccurately) Pretoria's treatment of its black majority with Ottawa's dealings with its minority Indian and Eskimo peoples.

A leading South African businessman, Association of Chambers of Commerce president Kees van Eeden described the steps in a "warning" that the time for reform is running out: "but went on to accept the body still insisted that 'trade investment can only reduce South Africa's capacity to improve conditions for the rapidly growing black population which is suffering increasing unemployment.' This ignored the country's racial restrictions on the advancement of blacks, only marginally mitigated by a new labor code; and the fact that, against better odds, the number of black unemployed hardly falls below one million in a population of 18.5 million, due to the apartheid 'Bantustan' policy.

There was also a dispute about who enjoys the edge in Canada's trading relations with South Africa. While the South African radio was claiming that "trade between the two countries has expanded nearly threefold since 1976, with the balance strongly in Canada's favor," figures released in Ottawa showed that in 1978 Canada had a \$57-million deficit.

It is difficult to pin down precisely what would be the effect of the Canadian proposals. Less than a tenth of Canada's \$98-million exports to South Africa are raw minerals; export development support in the form of credits or loan insurance, which are to be phased out. But the jolt from South Africa indicates that the slip had some weight behind it.

For the truth is that South Africa is becoming a less attractive prospect for Canadian exporters, as the 1976 figures seem to show. It is now an even poorer bet for investors. For several companies, such as Murray-Ferguson (South Africa), 1977 has been a poor financial year. Alan Armstrong, spokesman Director Campbell's, says that business is not good and investment opportunities are not encouraging (though a general view. Nine of his 41 dealers or so Canadian companies answered, includ-



It's the Canadian Embassy—they want to know if Canada's trade curbs have brought you a year longer yet?

ing Falconbridge Nickel Mines, whose South African subsidiary, Western Platinum, also reports a loss for 1977, plan to expand their investments. Most companies feel they could live with a code of ethics governing their relations with black employees. David Scott, spokesman for the Ford Motor Company of Canada hoped that they would "insure the Sullivan principles" a U.S. code inaugurated by President Ford, while Alcon's Campbell thought "we could accept any reasonable code" as long as it conformed with South African laws.

But that attitude does not cut easily with such non-and-branch opponents of the South African government's racist policies as the Task Force on the Churches and Corporate Responsibility, which maintains that "foreign investment has not had a liberating influence" and would really like to see Canada's trade in South Africa's white dominated economy ended, except at present in handling its exports to a freeze.

For his list is that the big corporations and the banks—who have a big share in the Canadian stake in South Africa (about 60 per cent for 1975, show that in that year alone

investment totalled \$119 million)—can bear witness about their activities with the ballot of their decision of the market rather than the so-called advice of governments.

Newborn is the better-documented firm in the United States—at a part of its code. Andrew Young, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, recently complained that American companies were digging their feet in response to the official call to them to make their investments in South Africa. It might be true to say that they are digging in their heels.

While Pretoria, emboldened by the freedom of South Africa's policy for its contacts and firm has said it is urging all tiers, the Caledon Petroleum Corporation, which owned 50.50 by Tesoro and Standard Oil of California, is planning to spend \$134 million expanding its South African refining capacity. And although Chase Manhattan Bank chairman David Rockefeller told a public luncheon in New York that it would no longer make loans to South Africa that might be used to prop up apartheid, the bank has not, so far, cut its business there. In fact a spokesman for Chase Manhattan in South Africa has said the



back plans to move to bigger premises while Chrysler, which said it was serving in turn with South Africa, merged in railway there with a local company—but occupied 25% of the output stock.

If the Canadian government does decide to impose similar restrictions that sort of logic will not be lost on this side of the border. As the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce's Irma Bruchmans adds, if her bank pulls out it will be because of conditions inside South Africa.

"We're doing good risk management," he said. **JOHANNE LAMBECH/REUTERS/EPH**

## THE MIDDLE EAST

### Disturbing the peace

Behind the headlines read the diplomatic badging, one fact stood out as President Jimmy Carter set off for his week-long stay-over in the Middle East—the second meeting between Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin on the Egyptian terms of Israeli had all but brought the peace train to a halt. The reason, Sadat was reported to have told Egyptian reporters, was that Israel had not yet made the "rough decisions" necessary for a settlement.

The Egyptian president went on carefully to spell out the fact that those decisions concerned the future of the Palestinians in the heavily occupied West Bank area of Jordan and in the Gaza strip. It was

the exact future status of those areas that was causing the best legal brains in Washington during Begin's pre-Christmas visit to Carter. But in spite of those simply a no legal precedent for the sort of "onion" "off-side" to a territory occupied zone that Begin was proposing. And even if there were his concept of an administrative "zone" composed of Israeli, Jordanian and Palestinian representatives



Begin and deputy prime minister Yigal Yadin during the "peace" debate in the Knesset (below) and Israeli troops in Bethlehem on Christmas, after shelling



was an Israeli diplomatic rule from that of Sadat. The Egyptian president, asserting that the future of the 11 million Palestinians was the "core" fact of the peace problem, stuck firmly to his view that creation of a Palestinian state was a natural requirement of a peace settlement.

That was a bitter bigger gap than Carter and Sadat's King Hussein seemed likely to bridge at their scheduled meeting during Carter's short stay in Israel. It seemed certain to be a difficult opinion, too, for the political committee set up by Begin and Sadat in Jerusalem to tackle. First assumption was that the political committee, and a companion military committee which will look into the less well-known matter of an Israeli withdrawal from Sinai, might find it necessary to stretch its deliberations over three months, after a January 15 start.

That seemed a very long time, with the Palestine Liberation Organization pledged to "strike with an iron fist" at anyone who challenged an expansion of the Palestinians' sphere—i.e. Sadat, with Syria's President Hafez Assad committed to "peace and offshoot" to Israel. Sadat's policy, with Iraq offering to join the fun, Syria and other headline states in a military pact against Israel, and with disappointed public opinion in Israel and Egypt beginning to show signs of starting to get cold.

It was against this sort of reality that Begin's continued but unimpaired optimism and Sadat's confident assertion that "we shall find a solution when the committee start" needed to be read. In such an age of uncertainty extreme was looking for signs and opportunities. One was said to be the unexpected and unprecedented showing on Saudi Arabian television of an Israeli spokesman at one of the Israeli press conferences. Could that be the long awaited signal that the Israelis like the U.S. security, were about to intervene in the task of time on the side of right? They certainly had the power to do so, discreetly. But the critical moment may already have passed, the Israelis said in their minds. **DAVID KORTZ**

## BELGIUM

### Here comes the judge

Call Jacques Mayeur "the jury" in the court, as the medieval Belgian warring city of Ghent probably would be surprised if the Belgian defense did take the stand. For the fact unfolding there in recent weeks is well worthy of the pen of whodunnit maestro Georges Simenon (he, too, is a Belgian, though his novels are set in France).

Enough of history, however: the real-life plot is even more intriguing. Back in February, 1977, an eccentric, 78-year-old multimillionaire called Madame Delacroix gave to work the job of a well-known criminal magazine. Her home has been ruled by moored, armed bandits. They made the fortune in gold, jewels and



cash under the backs of prisoners in the cellar, but was then the night not he is lucky. What should he do?

Nothing simpler. The magistrate, Guy Jaspers, 45, suggests he put the valuables in a bank safe-deposit box and a police escort is provided for the transfer. End of Chapter One.

Chapter Two opens with a friendly call by Jaspers on Madame Delacroix to inquire how the transfer went. An innocent enough gesture, one might think. But the day after Madame Delacroix discovers she has mailed her savings box and when a few days later the box is forced open the goodies, worth anything from \$300,000 to more than one million dollars—diamonds—vanish—say—go.

Response does not immediately fall on Jaspers, however. Belgian police, going through a bit of deposit box key holders, discover that an underworld character called Lucien de Craemer (he owns a garage and several "garages") has recently rented a deposit box near Madame Delacroix's. What's more, De Craemer has vanished.

Chapter Three (The Long Arm of Co-incidence). A few days later police Jaspers to stop a car whose red light is defective. The driver, who happens to be a friend of De Craemer's, gives them a bit of lip and they give the car a thorough go-over. In the trunk two cases containing most of Madame Delacroix's fortune.

Chapter Four (The Plot Thickens). Shortly after, De Craemer goes himself up. He admits taking part in the bank theft but says that both it and the attempted robbery at Madame Delacroix's home were masterminded by Jaspers. What a move, he claims that Jaspers main-

dated his (Jaspers's) wife, the mother of two young boys, who was thought to have died of cardiac arrest in her bath after a particularly strenuous game of tennis in June, 1976.

How does De Craemer know that? Because, he says, Jaspers told him he wanted to get rid of his wife (he was keeping a mistress on the side) and had asked him to stage an accident with the family Mercedes. According to De Craemer he fired a bomb under the carpet of the car and when Mme Jaspers got in and sat down on the legs it exploded. But as he intended, the escaped although the car was wrecked.

On the strength of this evidence Jaspers is arrested on suspicion from a want to Switzerland with his mistress and charged with attempted murder, robbery with violence and robbery.

Chapter Five (The Trial). That began in November and shows every sign of continuing. On the opening day the diaphanous chair took 90 minutes to read and there are 1,800 pages in the official dossier.

The jury is fixed by Jaspers and five alleged accomplices (one of them, life Craemer) and the way state will it. Being able their way in the maze of lies, hearsay, retractions, contradictions, contradictions charges and countercharges that it has not all been dry legal argument. As one goes they were asked to answer the brain-out trick of the Minoans, mounted on a tubular stand in the courtroom. (They also saw a film in which a second-hand Mercedes was blown up by a bomb similar to the one De Craemer claims he manufactured.) Madame Delacroix gave them a restate on



De Craemer (bottom left) and Jaspers surrounded by police at their trial, and the remains of Mme Jaspers' Mercedes, as shown in evidence: wrong arm of the law

French cooking and a rehearsal of her career as a coloratura soprano in the Paris opera house.

And then there are the heavy political overtones. Jaspers is accused of being in the victim of "machinations at a high level." Asked to elaborate, he replies "If you want I will cite names here and now, but I do this affair will take on an exceptional gravity." The Belgian press, which freely makes its report with concrete, has read on that point. (Jaspers is now coming on the well-known sexual rivalry between Ghent's French- and Flemish-speaking class.)

Jaspers, born in Warsaw but of Flemish parentage speaks French, the language of the upper classes, when not in Dutch. That and his rich red hair has profusion he was the youngest candidate in Ghent's history and was in the running to be appointed King's Prosecutor—was thought to have been recruited in some quarters.

Jaspers says De Craemer lost in a world of fantasy, and aware of his no account. He has lost a lot of weight since his arrest, but has kept his sense of humor. Answering one question, he said, "I don't know. Unfortunately, I am not the examining magistrate in this affair." Had it not been for De Craemer he probably would have been. **PHILIP CROFTON**



**Terry Morris** was the kind of girl the word "warrior" was coined for, better equipped by far for exterminating the boys in Morrisville than in a when for him: she has become part of the Hollywood folklore—then for acting in films. She was also the stuff the late **Howard Hughes** dreamed



That *Lie Ulmann* is one of the great actresses and one of an unfortunately small number of female stars is not in dispute. But when she made her film-musical debut, in that most dreadful remake of *Les Misérables*, one would think that she would have learned a little from the experience. However she is now all over to a credit



music of **Wurt Bucharach**, as she did in *Flowers*, she will be singing—or talk-singing—the music of the master **Richard Rodgers**.

More  
in the Fifth  
mom's the word

Is this any way to run a railroad? The courts will decide.

In the past few years, and more recently in the past three months, the middle GO-100 have come to be associated with one of the fastest-rising common stocks that has ever traded on Canadian markets and accompanied by a court case as intricate and no less fascinating, than a Gordian knot. The stakes are huge—perhaps in the hundreds of millions of dollars—and the outcome could alter the profile of downtown Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities.



WILLIAM H. MCGEE

The busy case is increasing not only for its finely constructed legal arguments but because the company had its origins in Canada's sometimes murky transportation history, those critical years following Confederation when there was an explosion of railway charters and when Sir John A. Macdonald was trying to merge his con-

The Ontario and Quebec Railway Company was incorporated in 1871, 10 years before the birth of Canadian Pacific. Its first charter lay dormant during that depression decade. The company was revived in 1881 by a group led by Toronto businessman Ed-



Sunnyside station (now known as "The Square store") in Toronto had property

course J J Robson was there, sitting for Canadian Pacific on behalf of the nominal defendants, directors of the OAG. Again, a decade ago, Robson spent a year and some arguing his only case in Canadian legal history that has cost clients, and the public, more than the OAG litigation—the case arranged by Laidlaw Gold Mines Ltd. to sue ownership of the rich nickel mine near Timmins, Ont., discovered by Teesloff Inc.

Joe Pope is a precise and fastidious Toronto investment dealer who has always had an abiding interest in railroads, and more particularly railroad stocks and bonds. In the early 1980s, as often is now, he was the only non-management shareholder who turned up at the annual meetings of OAG. As much as anything else, he subjected himself to the ritual of annual meetings because few others did. "It was my kind of formality, my love of privacy." As he learned more about the company and its relationship in Canadian Pacific, he says, "I became curious and cautious." Being a stockholder, Pope has a special reverence for common stocks, and so he went on to begin to wonder whether owners of the common shares of OAG were not entitled to something more than a yearly dividend of 10 cents.

Pope along with trustees of the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. pension fund, is asking Mr. Justice Hughes to make Canadian Pacific accountable to the other shareholders of OAG. In the alternative the plaintiffs are asking damages in excess of \$500 million. The suit is on behalf of all OAG shareholders. Pope won't reveal who's financing his legal costs. "That's private," he says. But the T. Eaton Co. has issued a notice to its pensioners that the company, and not the pension fund, will bear the legal fees.

In government Room 6 of Toronto's Federal Court Building, Canadian Pacific argued last month that the 1980 losses gave it

a proprietary interest in the Ontario and Quebec Railway Company, and that as long as it continued to pay dividends to OAG shareholders and most in other obligations under the losses, it entitled to become much as if it owned the OAG.

That argument might never have been tested were it not for the fact that some of OAG's real estate holdings have acquired a value that couldn't have been contemplated 90 years ago. The OAG lands include most of the site of Windsor Station in Montreal and the downtown site for Toronto's proposed new Massey Hall. And some of these OAG properties have been transferred in the last few years to Montreal Railway Co. Ltd., Canadian Pacific's wholly owned real estate subsidiary. The location of the old OAG station in midtown Toronto, now occupied by a government liquor store among other tenants, was to be the setting for a 540-million commercial-residential development until Marathon suddenly postponed its plans in 1984 because of the OAG lawsuit.

When Canadian Pacific ceded the transfer of hundreds of OAG properties to its subsidiary Marathon, it relied on an 1891 act of parliament that empowered OAG to sell lands "superfluous" to railway requirements as long as the proceeds of such sales were applied to improvements related to the railway. Canadian Pacific says it has done just that, and is prepared to go on doing so. The plaintiffs say that such quick pro quo transfers, because the OAG was obliged in any event to maintain the OAG rail line, August Jack Blomquist. "Canadian Pacific had no real power to lease lands used for non-rail purposes or to acquire the use of their assets for a railroad use for an other purpose."

If that is true—and much depends on Hughes's interpretation of the losses—then the majority shareholders would gain much more from their argument than the detractors of OAG, who were all minority shareholders. Canadian Pacific should have consulted the minority shareholders when they were dealing in OAG properties. Otherwise, after all, an accountable normal circumstance to all shareholders.

One bitter-sweet speculation among the press advised, which emerged three or so times, was a day wondered who would share the spoils if Mr. Justice Hughes were to find entirely in favor of the plaintiffs. "What I want to know," he said, "is who gets the spoils?" It's not quite that simple if the ruling goes in favor of the plaintiffs. The beneficiaries would be all the shareholders of Ontario and Quebec Railway Company, and the booty—if that's the word—would go into the treasury of the company. This way, all shareholders would benefit. And the group of 11 all right might be that Canadian Pacific, only a small shareholder until the 1960s and now the owner of 80,000 shares, or about 80% of OAG, is the biggest shareholder by far of the Ontario and Quebec Railway Company.

ALASTAIR DOW

# Sports

History appears to be ready to repeat itself—and that's just fine

Ever now, as the team skates on for the warm-ups, there are not a half-dozen spectators in the gridded old Marvyn Allen in Waterloo, Ontario. One bats an eye through his hand. One a faint beard. Another is wearing huge plastic Vulcan ones. The sole non-collegian is a Ryersoned not-belly in a blue-on-white hockey jacket, who smokes his big chair, and he'd heard the St. John's Junior Redwings were in. "Who the hell're they?" he asks, pointing with a downward stick of his nose.

They are the University of Toronto Blues last year—and probably this year as well—the country's finest college hockey team. The hosts looking on, standing on the visitors' bench slapping his thermal mugs together to warm off the cold in Tom Watt, coach of the Blues and the man who may well be carrying the aggressive burden of Canadian hockey grade into the 1980 Olympics. It is impossible to hear him about the gap-yearing class of the University of Waterloo cheerleading band, but you can see his shoes hanging in tiny lockers of long exhaust. The shivering is more likely than necessary. By game's end the Blues will have effectively, methodically, efficiently scored 10 more goals in their continuing domination of Canadian college hockey. Unfortunately, being 200 people—the man who came being for St. John's not included—will have seen them play.



Bill Harris (above) and Canada Soviet's center in the Vienna world championship in 1987 (below left) is respectable once again

But look ahead to 1986, to the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, and listen to the crowd there. It is one of the mystifying stories of life that the future often lies like strong paper over the past, and shadowed and harried through the cover of those coming Olympic Games hides the ghost of one Father David Bauer. The modified sound from the past is hoarse in Bauer's

voice to define Canada's international hockey mind-set, always, always coming short of the necessary gold medals. Bauer began his national college team in 1963, and through the play on the various national teams included the likes of Wayne Stenebre (now goaltender for the Philadelphia Flyers) and Fran Haulk (now with the Winnipeg Jets), the team did not win. People thought them chicken-livered, bookish (they included law students, PhD candidates and engineers), but most of all people thought them cowardly. On January 4, 1970, the national team was disbanded, the thinking being that if we were not permitted to stand our ground to deliver the humiliation the Soviets deserved, then Canada would not stand anyone.

All that, however, was long before a warm night at Montreal on September 2, 1972, when the Soviets lost the first game. Team Canada 3-3. "On that night," says Bill Harris, coach of Team Canada '74 and now a college coach himself at Sadbury's Laurentian University, "people were suddenly very aware of the real strength of the Soviet's student union."

And on this summer, complete with a \$50,000 grant from Hockey Canada, the Student National Team has been assembled. "It might well be the capstone to an Olympic team," concedes Hockey Canada's Derek Hudson, a former player with Father Bauer's team. "It's conceivable that some of the greatest players will be



BY ALASTAIR DOW



Bauer at the helm in 1980: best coach?

there for the 1980 team, but this is a nation-formerly work with "Hockey Canada has also set aside \$85,000 to provide 119 hockey bursaries as an incentive for good players going to play college hockey. All that financial interest paid off in mid-December when the Soviet National Team was in Chelabinsk—now generally acknowledged as superior to the Soviet hockey strength—and won all five extra-bonus games, a remarkable showing even though the teams the Soviets played were not Chelabinsk's strongest. Those victories validated what many others, Harris included, have been choosing: Canadian college hockey is vastly underrated.

Two years from now when the Winter Olympics get underway, Canada must be represented by a totally amateur hockey team, as the Olympic rules require. That leaves four options: a team composed of junior players, senior college students, or a composite of all three. And unless the 1980 team is indeed some sort of composite, the students would be the best chance of appearing in the Olympics.

Concern over the state of this future team has been demonstrated by the Commonwealth's current motion which has laid out Canada's approach to international hockey for the 1984 Commonwealth Winter of Ice and Amateur Sport. Among the recommendations handed down at the turn of the New Year was a suggestion that Hockey Canada look seriously at a scholarship plan that might keep Canada's best players from accepting offers from American schools. There was also a recommendation for a permanent coach. The story is that the committee thinking of the current emphasis on college hockey all butted back a decade to when Father Bauer was trying to accomplish and was being laughed at for even trying. "I remember thinking at the time after the interview with... Bauer was," Watt says. "How can I adequately answer these questions? Surely all the answers were to be found in how we'd

put together that original team."

As for the possibility of a permanent coach, the first that it might be Toronto's Tom Watt, a referee unknown to professional experience, does not alarm someone like Lieutenant Harris, whose coaching experience (the big leagues, Team Canada, the 1980 team and now college hockey) is second to none. "In the last couple of years several college teams have reached a level where they wouldn't have any trouble competing with the top junior clubs," says Harris. "And I'd put Tom Watt in a level with our very best pro coaches."

The soft-spoken Watt is only 41 but already in his fourth year as head coach of the University of Toronto Blues and has won three Canadian college championships. It is, however, a job totally without glamour. He works out of a sad, narrow office in the university arena where the major kinds and the snuffing runs like surely first out of the arena coach and star. Travel is by bus, not plane, and there are few overnight journeys. Practices must be arranged around his schedules and, as a result, Watt once went from August 23 to March 17 without once leaving the arena to meet with his family. While other hockey operations work with no loss, Watt's own stretch a \$35,000 budget into quarters that include convincing a manufacturer that it would be a wonderful demonstration of philanthropy to make as the team has different colored practice uniforms.

There are other, more personal problems. For one thing, few people accept Watt as a bona fide coach. "I do get a lot and of people coming up to me in casual pursuit and saying 'What do you do for a living?' There are also dismissive who don't want Watt's success is directly related to the vast University of Toronto population, giving him an enormous and large pool of hockey talent. "What I think up for

in numbers," he argues. "I was in U of T's very high academic standards."

What looks odd, though, is that North American professional hockey people have little regard for the coach who has never "snowballed" his way up from junior and the minor leagues. "He does fine. Watt has paid him an unfamiliar taste to them, his decision is so perfect, his manner so mild. And no matter what accomplishments he points to—for example, the 44 he has made achieved a couple of seasons ago with the Memorial Cup champion Toronto Marlboros, one of the best junior teams in history—he will always be regarded with suspicion by the press. Only twice has he even had pro contracts and never did the talks reach an icy stage. Perhaps it is because they do not understand him and his success with unusual physics or player loyalty is toxic, or the thing matters he has when putting his hockey over the Hollywood hockey of the site. "I often tell my friends in the press," he says. "Why not come out and see us again? We may not be as good—but at least we try every night."

That by his time 1980 really second may be all of Canada will be asking. After 1980's dismal fourth-place finish by the press in the World Hockey Tournament in Vienna, Commonwealth may not be so quick to wrap arms around his flag and double over in laughter in the future of college kids who are hopelessly outshined by the Vancouver and Vancouver's Novos and Trifunovic of the world. If it all does come down to a student team coached by a man like Tom Watt, it's to be hoped a loss will no longer mean a loss of face. "You know I always hoped someone along the line when we were trying to do back then would surface again," says Father Bauer, who stepped in as a director of Hockey Canada and will refuse to let his name be used. "I hoped that the philosophy would be needed again. I think we are now at that point."

ROY McCREE



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# Music

## Portrait of the pianist as a young man

At first glance Louis Lortie looks like a lot of other young men who grew up in the well-heralded Ormstown district of Montreal and studied at Pierre Trudel's alma mater, Redwood College. But the casual well-being indicated by the well-cut clothes and the pretty Gallic features are belied by something unusual in the expression of the pianist who at the tender age of 18 will be given serious work by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra during its unprecedented tour (with Minnesota Formentor) through China in late January and February. Behind the thick lashes are the eyes of a romantic, almost a child of southern stars, fascinated by the classical voice: the age of seven seeking solace and "finding out my signature on the piano" while his participation in the recital room around the northeast side of the Mountain.

"It's very important to be alone for my work," says the young pianist who, once he first sat on a piano stool some 11 years ago, has accumulated an impressive number of laurels including third place at the Clavier Competition in 1973 and first place in the 1975 car National Music Competition. In fact Lortie's relationship with his music is so intense that his delight of making the tour with the TSO is coupled with a certain cynicism he may end up too close with a concert "corset." "I hope something isn't happening to me at 18 that might better happen at 25," he says. "It takes such a long time to get to the bottom of things, just as it does to discover the real meaning of life, especially since when the world is so complicated."

Nothing in Lortie's background precluded a musical career. His education was laced with a good general culture but nobody in his family was particularly musical. He respects his parents, who remain "very supportive," mostly because a desire that he "choose a stable life, like law," says Lortie, who received his musical training from piano before studying in Vienna with Dieter Weibel and at Indiana University under Mendelsohn-Pfeiffer.

Lortie's first of being exposed into a youthful virtuoso, racing the concert circuit with a technically perfect emotionally empty repertoire was first felt at Indiana. The Americans are the "technicians," all the musical world he says, young musicians, career hungry, who work hard at building their surface brilliant musical repertoire without getting into the depths of the matter.

He admits being a Quebecer has given him the distance to be critical of the

American approach and has shared his sympathies in the direction of Europe—where he will return to study—or even Russia. "The Russian Svetoslav Richter had his first American tour at 45. Of course he was good. The Russians gave him the name to develop. I'd rather play just for my friends until I'm 45 if I'm not ready for concert. I am not playing my music to build a career. If it comes it comes."



Lortie: slowly, steadily, and alone

In the meantime, everything Lortie does seems aimed at getting closer to the secret layers of meaning in the music he plays. Even his German studies at the University of Montreal have that as a reason of fire. "You can't be an artist without knowing the German culture. Beethoven couldn't have done what he did without reading Goethe." His life is not unembarrassed with success. He does half an hour of exercise a day, endures sports, is bored with popular music and his mostly musicians for friends. Meetings are something he would "obviously" want, but he acknowledges it would be a difficult life for his partner. "The ambition on the scene that I want to work as much as possible," says the young Lortie. "But there are not enough hours to play everything." *—G.A. SCOTT*

## Could you pack your life in one trunk and come to Canada?



What does an Icelandic traveller's trunk look like? A depression era kitchen? A nineteenth century Cape Breton real mine? An overcrowded steerage berth on an immigrant ship? These are some of the questions posed by the two new permanent exhibitions Ottawa's National Museum of Man. Called "Everyman's Heritage" (The Folklore Hall) and "A Few Acres of Snow" (the History Hall) the exhibits deal with the Canadian's roots where he came from, and why he came; how he lived, worked, and entertained himself; how he survived in a sometimes uninviting environment.

Most of the immigrants didn't truly know what to expect when they packed their meagre belongings, sometimes into a single trunk, and came

to this rich and harsh new land.

They were pulled here by the promise of land, the possibility of work, the promise of religious and political freedom, a chance to share in the building of this country.

The two exhibits, located on the fourth floor cover some 33,000 square feet. Museum staff have worked for more

than seven years to plan, research and build the two halls. A few moments spent in them can't help but give a strong sense of our varying, yet common beginnings and insight into where we may be going. Dr.

William Taylor, Director of the National Museum of Man, puts it this way:

"The past is present in us; we can begin to understand our present only when we recognize it as a continuation of our past."

The new exhibits show your past with pride and honour. They stimulate reflection on a background of struggle and survival, the common heritage of Canadians from all parts of the country. Visit your new exhibits. Discover how your story and your country keeps on growing.

The new exhibits have been supported by Her Majesty the Queen in October, 1977

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# Adventure

That sweet return from the top of the world



For skiers it's the perfect word. For gamblers it's bang on a roll. For serious skiers heaven is the silent, frozen wilderness of deep powder, and Alberta's Hans Gmorer is the latest-day Eliza who ties them to it. His charter is a chopper and in 12 years his Banff-based company, Canadian Mountain Holidays (CMH), has become the world's most popular purveyor of a once-in-a-lifetime adventure called helicopter skiing.

For about \$180 a trip CMH wheels skiers 11,000 feet straight up and deposits them at the summit of the Rocky Mountain peak of their choice. The beauty of the rugged mountain scenery is breathtaking, the snow is pristine, sparkling, unbroken. No low lines, no rutted, overused slopes, no crowding Sunday skiers. For the dedicated, disciplined of winter who follow the snow from contentment to obsession, heli-skiing is the ultimate experience and the top of the recreation is the last frontier.

From the futuristic ski boots who can barely scrape together the daily fix to the professional mountaineers of the jet set, they rack by the hundreds to Gmorer's frosty playground. Last winter he hosted 2,400 of them and recent years have seen stars from chess piece skier Nancy Greyson, ESPN sports commentator Michael Rogers, film star Dustin Hoffman and Prince

Myer. Pierre Trudeau. "Skiering has been very good to me," says Austrian-born Gmorer. Profit is on his five-million-dollar company have risen by 50% in each of the past two years despite the pressure of tax, sky accommodations and monthly helicopter fuel of \$21,000. But every guest shells out \$650 to \$1,340 for a week's skiing and Gmorer pays nothing for all but one of the wilderness slopes he uses.

The heli-skiing season lasts about 30 weeks, from mid-December to late April. Weather and snow factors are usually negligible, if conditions aren't ideal in one run, skiers are simply flown to another. But there is one omnipresent danger: avalanches. Gmorer's guides are all experienced mountaineers as well as crash skiers, but he says that most valuable quality is good judgment. "Safety is 80% intuition," he explains, "because snow changes rapidly and can slide at any time."

Despite elaborate precautions that include stabilizing the snow with explosives and equipping all skiers with pocket-sized transceivers to aid in rescue work, five CMH skiers have perished in 13 years. The specter of suffocation as an avalanche may sweep away the trail. But to heli-skiers it just adds a taste of that wilderness of all sports danger.

ROBERTA WALKER

A group of skiers unloading on Mount Silver (above), another group preparing for a Gmorer run (below) and a third making tracks on the Sheep Mother (right)





# Television

The past is alive and well and, apparently, in very good hands

It used to be that television and Imperial Oil were synonymous with hockey games. But times change and so do images. To celebrate its centennial the oil company has hung up its skates and created a four-million-dollar movement that is the biggest corporate-sponsored series ever aired on Canadian television. The *Newcomers Introducing A New Land*, commissioned by Imperial from the Toronto production house Newcom-Farm, features 13 individual series about the immigrant experience in Canada. It's most history on a human scale and so far we've had one dad (*Prologue*, November 20), one mom and enough buoyant hype to refuel the Empire of Inland. That's money to come. The first, along with specially prepared study guides, are being sold to schools (approximately \$100 each) and publisher McClelland & Stewart is planning deluxe French and English coffee table books for the Christmas 1978 market (approximately \$20).

The mom is 1847, the second episode in the series (January 8, 8:30 p.m.), in which the Irish arrive. And what a hauntingly sad tale they tell. Driven from their homes by poverty, famine, and British landwars, the Irish swarmed to America and Canada in the 1830s and 1840s, packing nothing save cholera and a congenital hatred between Protestant and Catholic. Once here they met with prejudice, back-breaking work when they could find it, and murderous winters. Yet they survived. 1847 is based on the true story of one such immigrant, Mary Thompson Norris (Doris Gossens) who made the brutal crossing (shown in all on reaching horror) to join her husband James (David McIlwain). He fails to meet her ship and after months of inquiry Mary learns that he died of cholera before she and her children landed in Quebec. Mary settles in a squalid home in southwestern Ontario, eventually meeting a neighboring farmer, Henry Norris (Joe Kline). Mary and Henry have 11 children who scatter across the country. Johnny Appleford follows.

The script, written by Alex Murray (*Lean On Me* and *Rising*) introduces with the nostalgic notion that distinguishes all her work. Although the scenery isn't dialogue, Murray conveys the contours of Irishness with a barely discernible yet truly resonant that is matched, even underscored in 1847 by the simple story of Eric Tiff's (*Prologue*) director. This approach is highlighted by actor Gossens and James in a wonderfully touching scene at the local church where former Norris, squarely

does and burlies with embarrassment, looks across the full breadth of the centre aisle and whispers, "here and finally I signed out a proposal of marriage to the lovely lady, widow Thompson. You can almost smell his garlic."

Oh, that a little of this warmth and naturalism had graced Eric Tiff's *Prologue*. The opening salvo in the oil company's salute which attempts to depict North American Indians as they were before the European came. Boring and pretentious, *Prologue*

isn't programming on the publicly owned one. Other candidates for our minds and credit cards include the Insurance Bureau of Canada with its self-entitled "re-bate for our own advertising" and hymns to private enterprise. *Knowledge Forward* and Shell Canada with its projected (January 1979) two-million-dollar series of half-hour to hours to the glory of the oil industry. The *Women*. Unlike these projects, The *Newcomers* is neither a team-led commercial nor a coproduction. It is an original



Gossens / Norris from Europe with long

provides a sterile, colonial view of native life that is as much a distortion as the Hollywood version of like-nite movies. At root it is an overly elaborate scene-setting for a story more poignantly about the people who came "here" from "there" but, what's a little education in history (which should be required in every 1878 story) which it will be so relevant in a once coherent and orderly fashion) that drives full house to French immigrants (1740). Scots (1827). Danes (1911). Ukrainians (1977). Southern Europeans (Contemporary) and any moment in the English?

The *Newcomers* is the most lavish ensemble in a growing trend towards corpo-

rate programming on the publicly owned one. Other candidates for our minds and credit cards include the Insurance Bureau of Canada with its self-entitled "re-bate for our own advertising" and hymns to private enterprise. *Knowledge Forward* and Shell Canada with its projected (January 1979) two-million-dollar series of half-hour to hours to the glory of the oil industry. The *Women*. Unlike these projects, The *Newcomers* is neither a team-led commercial nor a coproduction. It is an original



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he's dancing himself dangerously thin. The year is 1928. Rudolph Valentino is working his off-the-magic of Panamanian. *Rudolph Zito* (a name Don Del'uso) head of a small studio sets up a contest to find an even greater source of lust. The new model Rudy Holsman (Wilder) a quivering wreck of a Midwestern baker prone to Chaplinesque malformations in the cake factory. Re-inventing himself as Rudy Valentino, he sets off for Hollywood where his wife, Anne (Carol Kane) promptly dumps him for the real Valentino. And Rudy's anguished antics have earned him through the screen test to the contest final, he impersonates Valentino as a desperate bid to win her back.

The situation is romantic comedy, but the film falls on both fronts. There is only one good running joke: the characterisation of the anxiety-ridden Rudy, appearing to emulate the only Valentino. Once this joke is played out, Wilder tries to maintain interest through a series of slapstick bits (Rudy and Anne having sex-by-telephone, a floundering hotel room, Zito knocking up his husband) in an increasingly despicable bid for laughs. But Wilder's mugging can't conceal his lack of overall comic vision. Even the naïvely romantic storyline is lost in all this mayhem with the baby-faced Kane's considerable talents squandered along the way.

Mid Brooks and Woody Allen have made parody the dominant comic form of the self-conscious Seventies, and all along Wilder has been one of the movement's leading players. But not on his own. Wilder's perennial brand of send-up is a lumpy and restless affair. He plays a great narrator but remains a mediocre writer. And if this film follows *Silverlink Holmes?* *Smarter* *Smarter* down the tubes to (disparaging) box-office oblivion, he may well be forced to go back to doing what he does best: winking with people whose comedy will let him sit and bide. **ANDREW WINKLER**

Wilder: some things are best left to him



# Books

## So well remembered

AN APPETITE FOR LIFE  
by Charles Ritchie  
(Macmillan of Canada \$10.95)

Artistic talent is no respecter of social standing. It can strike much to the annoyance of contemporary fashion. Those born to beleaguered spouses and private schools

just as easily as those raised in poverty, hunger and dirt. What finer example than Canadian diarist Charles Stewart Almon Ritchie, with his generations of Nova Scotia Conservators in his bloodline, an education stretching from Trinity College School, Ontario to Oxford, Harvard and Paris' Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, a father whose legal career included a partnership with Sir Robert Borden and a brother who today sits on the Supreme Court of Canada. Ritchie's career, of course, was super-stardom. In his junior years he did menial duty as Lincoln as private secretary to Canadian High Commissioner Wilfrid Massey—and later became high commissioner himself. At the peak of his diplomatic career he was ambassador to the United States during Lester B. Pearson's presidency. But to readers of his first book, a collection of his diaries *The Seven Years* (1974) it is in his work as a diarist that Ritchie actually shines greatest.

When *The Seven Years* won the 1974 Governor General's Award much was made, rightly, of Ritchie's local writing style combined with the inherent fascination of the events from 1957 to 1962 which his diary covered. The publication of his second volume, *An Appetite For Life* which covers Ritchie's college years from 1924 to 1927 puts an end to the myth: politicians, writers and critics sometimes use as weighing the "significance" of a book. What a work it is, and how his memoir nature is totally independent of the importance or self-importance of his subject matter. Ritchie's subjects in this book are, on a metaphysical or global scale, insignificant: the hapless fabled contestations of a young man falling in and out of love with hopelessly lovely young girls, the constant small humiliations of a schoolboy with less money than social standing and a painful

yet sweet a self-given on front of better-off chaps. But for a first insight into the charming nature of the human condition, for humour and wit and elegance, this book if anything surpasses Ritchie's first volume. Moments slip with the reader to be savoured and relived. An example: "When I got home I found everyone was out except



Ritchie: what he says and how he says it

Mother. We had tea in the library. We discussed all sorts of subjects including sex. She said she knew nothing about the physical part of marriage when she married my father, and she asked Aunt Lucy who was married already and all the said was, 'My dear, it is no worse than having your car geared for crawling.'"

It is traditional, when printing Canadian writers to pull out the highest accolade by saying they are as good as no-and-so in Europe or America. As a diarist Charles Ritchie is flawless. One can think of no one writing today who can touch his special brilliance. **BARBARA AYER**

# Maintaining the balance of power

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# Theatre

## The Playwrights of the Western World

Of all the credits about worst coast living that define creative Vancouverites would love to scratch to the ground and stamp out, the most offensive is that life out here is "bad back," as if even the most aspiring members of the artistic community are vil-



laged around waiting for someone to pick them a grape while the real bad-backs are back out getting things done. The second most offensive is that the truth hurts—and that those who most loudly deny the dislike are the ones with the least ambition, and the most resentment about the East.

What this means is that owning a new life-force in the theatre out here involves something more than simply putting on good plays. "We're constantly working against the dislike of the west coast mind," says Tom Coen, who is one of several playwrights responsible for what many observers describe as a new energy in west coast theatre. Upco Kanda, literary manager of Ontario's Stratford Festival, recently promised not to never-never land and was so impressed with what he saw that he invited both Coen and his friend and fellow playwright Sheldon Rotten to take part—along with Calgary playwright John Murrell—in what amounts to his western season for Canada's (fictional) establishment theatre. "Maybe it helps after all it is scaled off by those mountains," muses Kanda.

Coen, author of the 1976 hit *Therapy*, later, one of the most widely produced plays in Canada, has been commissioned to write a new one-act play for Stratford while Rotten's recently produced *Neil And Jack* will also be performed. Both Coen, 30, and Rotten, 34, are Americans—Coen

from Miami Beach, Rotten from Rochester, New York—but that does not deter them from pursuing temporary allegiance to British Columbia.

Rotten, a former ad copywriter, had some success with Toronto's *Therapy* Theatre before being lured by Vancouver. He has a gentle presence, reflected in the sensitively written *Neil And Jack*, the story of the intense, often painful relationship between actor John Barrymore and New York playwright Edward Strickland. In 1906, says Rotten, who was "inspired" by the transformation of Barrymore into a screen actor.

A third writer making a different mark on the coast is another American, Richard Owsen—a short-lived 20-year-old who grew up in Archer Buckville, New York (also known as Queens), and who cheerfully admitted to being "the Jackie Brenston of the trade" after his latest, *Jackie Brenston*, played to sell-out crowds for a month last November. Taking its title from that legendary West Vancouver residential enclave of the somewhat reclusive British Progressives, his satire (a companion of recycled Henry Youngman lines concerning one opening night playgoer to another "Take my play—please"), but it

**Question: Jeff, Coen (below): Rotten tonight all roads don't lead to Toronto**



does serve as one home truth about the Vancouver establishment: "People say the play is second-rate. Neil Coward," declares Owsen, "but it's only because the best Vancouver families hire second-rate Neil Coward lives." He may be right.

Despite the fact that Rotten and Coen distance themselves blatantly from Cu-

stomians, whom they regard as a bit of a dilettante, they have a common denominator in that they have been nurtured and their plays capped into existence by Peter Hawthorn, a young director for the past five years of Vancouver's New Play Centre, which develops and produces Canadian plays to the extent that it has become not simply the only place in town for new playwrights but one of the major places in the country. Hawthorn, described by Coen as "one of the most important people to theatre in this country," ploughs through 125 scripts a year and selects about 25 to put through basic cribbing (for the playwright) workdays he faces



usually deciding on which new plays to produce. The emphasis is on development rather than production (Rotten's *Neil And Jack*, for example, went through 11 partial drafts because Hawthorn is a bit of a snail). He's got too many Canadian playwrights to produce on. Upco Kanda agrees: "Most playwrights in Canada stop one draft too soon."

Coen Coen and Rotten agree with that but they point to a 30% increase in Vancouver audiences, a new two-stage theatre being planned for the Greater Vancouver area and their own modest successes as reasons to hope for a little more in the future. But they also give the impression like others before them, that they are more charmed with the idea of being from Vancouver than remaining in Vancouver. Indisputably, as Coen puts it, "We're just two of the writers who have come out of this town and we're on our way to Stratford." And even that, he seems to suggest, is not the end of the road now.

JACOB TROEN

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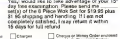
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# Behold the Amazing Punditti! Knows all, sees all, tells all! No refunds

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The busy play is to review our (no, not limited) year of 1992. This is simple. The challenge is to provide you, guests invited, with an accurate guide as to what will happen in 1993. Luckily, your all-knowing, omniscient host, Relix, it's all downhill!

Joe Clark, who will be the next prime minister, does have a major fortuitous and his Gallup shifting discovered when a Toronto hair stylist discovered that he had been parting his hair on the wrong side all his life. He switched from right to left. He will consolidate his position among those voters he may have caused by putting it on the mobile, low-fifties-to-35-year-old image, which will suit the discourse, which Sadi McTrudeau too highly.

Members Beggs and Anwar Sade will open a Middle East peace pact on The Grog Show, hosted by Billy Carter. Joan Rivers Goy will will be the cabinet. John Howard will get a job training others in Winnipeg furniture factory. New Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon, to prove his Tory credentials, will remove the rabbit from the most tips from crutches in the province's medical plan, thus saving the electorate \$29.87.

The Toronto Blue Jays will break the major league baseball record for selling popcorn. Guy Lafleur will turn down an offer to play second base. Margaret Trudeau will continue to talk.

The trend toward the weight of the concept of the White House, which will be the Taylor, then Kevin-Spicer and new Luaner LaPerra moving to Vancouver—is confirmed when Senator Kevin Dorey, carrying from a Royal York bus, takes a wrong turn and ends up in the Hotel West of University Avenue before making his mistake. Canadian football boss appointed by Montreal Alouettes coach Mike Levy who played in the Kansas City Chiefs a week after dying, he had any such assistance, will continue bitterly when a player does the same thing.

The two Vancouver-Sun business writers who have been fighting to force Washington's Securities and Exchange Commission to reveal the salary of CNA chairman Jim Sinclair will win their case, despite embarrassing Sinclair with the revelation that his salary is so low.

Don Jamieson, who has lost 40 pounds and quit drinking so as to accommodate his diet in a restaurant, will be mentioned in a letter to his agent to announce that nothing but to announce his previous habits, therefore costing relief over the money Canadian press corps which has caused his multiple midnight

meetings. Pierre Trudeau, who used to complain so vociferously about alleged invasion of his privacy, will take interest in going to his three sons in the election campaign.

Serie Hite will marry a truck driver from Philadelphia. René Lévesque, in-



ing contemplated the unemployment figure will postpone his retirement until another year. To convince the Canadian public of his credit, he will address the banks of Vancouver. Trudeau, in actual crime, will be granted the rare privilege of speaking before the parliament of Louis-trudeau. Bill Bennett will jog some more and Dave Barrett will find from his education.

The Toronto Sun, introducing its semi-famous formula of supply-led business journalism to Alberta-based with a new Edmonton paper on April 2, will find it difficult to discover a Ukrainian equivalent who can drink as much as Paul Romanuk.

Pundit Doug Grighton will discover the teams that you should never order a martini as a lover that still has a high school band. Maureen McTear will stage a reporter in the press. She will receive a congratulatory wire from Margaret Trudeau. Premier Bill Davis, just in time for an election, will allow the tenting parents of the Toronto Blue Jays to drink beer. He will be hailed for his forward-thinking, tolerant, business attitude.

Pierre Trudeau will mouth secret admissions to Tom Cochrane.

It will be discovered that Elizabeth Taylor married to Mr. Wheat, is in fact older than her husband and will be elected the senator from Virginia. Mr. Wheat will not be heard from again and Senator Taylor will marry Woody Allen. John Turner will make no more speeches to the Prime Minister. Robert Bourassa will attempt a low-key political comeback in Quebec. Disgraced as former of a Montreal railway car, he will be found for spending too much time looking in the overhead mirror instead of his hair.

Martin Mull will become a cult figure. Gordon Brown will be put out to feed and attempt greater than his Secretariat. Ed O'Rourke-Schwartz will be offered five high-level jobs by Mr. Trudeau but, disappointed by the choice, will not be able to make up his mind.

U.S. Ambassador to Canada Tom (formerly) Pickens will continue his ambition of the arrogant man's Bill Buckley. Trudeau, in an attempt to confuse the public, will shuffle his cabinet once again, thus ensuring the sixth solution present in 10 years the sixth minister of conference cabinet in 12 years. He will list companies on a platform of continuity.

Parish Forster-McGee will maintain her reputation as the pale sea-top version of Ben Campy profile. Alvin Englebert, Lee Cabell, Eugene Scholten and Jean Desjardins will retain their position in the hearts and minds of all Canadians. Toronto's very perfect mayor, David Crombie, having broken his ankle while running on the spot in a game workout, has thereby proven conclusively his Tory credentials. Over the year he will run farther on the spot in his intention to succeed Joe Clark. So will Brian Mulroney, who stands on the spot. Alvin Englebert, despite the name, will not run off with Linda Madala.

Don Macdonald will find work. Joe Clark will then reintroduce the crew cut, thus confounding the entire electorate which will not know where he stands. Which is the plan.

THE CLOTHES ON THE WALL BY MARY ANN



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